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*BARLASCH OF THE GUARD.*¹

BY HENRY SETON MERRIMAN

CHAPTER XXII.

THROUGH THE SHOALS.

I see my way, as birds their trackless way.

DE CASIMIR had never seen Louis d'Arragon, and yet some dim resemblance to his cousin must have introduced the newcomer to a conscience not quite easy.

'You seek me, Monsieur?' he asked, not having recognised Désirée, who stood behind her companion, in her furs.

'I seek Colonel Darragon, and was told that we should find him in this room.'

'May I ask why you seek him in this rather unceremonious manner?' asked de Casimir, with the ready insolence of his calling and his age.

'Because I am his cousin,' replied Louis quietly, 'and Madame is his wife.'

Désirée came forward, her face colourless. She caught her breath, but made no attempt to speak.

De Casimir tried to lift himself on his elbows.

'Ah! Madame,' he said. 'You see me in a sorry state. I have been very ill.' And he made a gesture with one hand, begging her to overlook his unkempt appearance and the disorder of his room.

'Where is Charles?' asked Désirée curtly. She had suddenly realised how instantly she had always disliked de Casimir and distrusted him.

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'Has he not returned to Dantzig?' was the ready answer. 'He should have been there a week ago. We parted at Vilna. He was exhausted—a mere question of over-fatigue—and at his request I left him there to recover and to pursue his way to Dantzig, where he knew you would be awaiting him.'

He paused and looked from one to the other with quick and furtive eyes. He felt himself easily a match for them in quickness of perception, in rapid thought, in glib speech. Both were dumb—he could not guess why. But there was a steadiness in d'Arragon's eyes which rarely goes with dulness of wit. This was a man who could be quick at will—a man to be reckoned with.

'You are wondering why I travel under your cousin's name, Monsieur,' said de Casimir, with a friendly smile.

'Yes,' returned Louis, without returning the smile.

'It is simple enough,' explained the sick man. 'At Vilna we found all discipline relaxed. There were no longer any regiments. There was no longer a staff. There was no longer an army. Every man did as he thought best. Many, as you know, elected to await the Russians at Vilna, rather than attempt to journey farther. Your cousin had been given the command of the escort which has now filtered away, like every other corps. He was to conduct back to Paris two carriages laden with imperial treasure and certain papers of value. Charles did not want to go back to Paris. He wished most naturally to return to Dantzig. I, on the other hand, desired to go to France and there place my sword once more at the Emperor's service. What more simple than to change places?'

'And names,' suggested d'Arragon, without falling into de Casimir's easy and friendly manner.

'For greater security in passing through Poland and across the frontier,' explained de Casimir readily. 'Once in France—and I hope to be there in a week—I shall report the matter to the Emperor as it really happened: namely, that owing to Colonel d'Arragon's illness he transferred his task to me at Vilna. The Emperor will be indifferent, so long as the order has been carried out.'

De Casimir turned to Désirée as likely to be more responsive than this dark-eyed stranger, who listened with so disconcerting a lack of comment or sympathy.

'So you see, Madame,' he said, 'Charles will still get the credit for having carried out his most difficult task, and no harm is done.'

'When did you leave Charles at Vilna?' asked she.

De Casimir lay back on the pillow in an attitude which betrayed his weakness and exhaustion. He looked at the ceiling with lustreless eyes.

'It must have been a fortnight ago,' he said at length. 'I was trying to count the days. We have lost all account of dates since quitting Moscow. One day has been like another—and all, terrible. Believe me, madame, it has always been in my mind that you were awaiting the return of your husband at Dantzic. I spared him all I could. A dozen times we saved each other's lives.'

In six words Désirée could have told him all she knew: that he was a spy who had betrayed to death and exile many Dantzigers whose hospitality had been extended to him as a Polish officer; that Charles was a traitor who had gained access to her father's house in order to watch him—though he had honestly fallen in love with her. He was in love with her still, and he was her husband. It was this thought that broke into her sleep at night, that haunted her waking hours.

She glanced at Louis d'Arragon and held her peace.

'Then, Monsieur,' he said, 'you have every reason to suppose that if Madame returns to Dantzic now, she will find her husband there?'

De Casimir looked at d'Arragon and hesitated for an instant. They both remembered afterwards that moment of uncertainty.

'I have every reason to suppose it,' replied de Casimir at length, speaking in a low voice, as if fearful of being overheard.

Louis waited a moment and glanced at Désirée, who, however, had evidently nothing more to say.

'Then we will not trouble you farther,' he said, going towards the door, which he held open for Désirée to pass out. He was following her when de Casimir called him back.

'Monsieur,' cried the sick man, 'Monsieur, one moment if you can spare it.'

Louis came back. They looked at each other in silence while they heard Désirée descend the stairs and speak in German to the innkeeper who had been waiting there.

'I will be quite frank with you,' said de Casimir, in that voice of confidential friendliness which so rarely failed in its effect. 'You know that Madame Darragon has an elder sister, Mademoiselle Mathilde Sebastian?'

'Yes.'

De Casimir raised himself on his elbows again, with an effort,

and gave a short, half shamefaced laugh which was quite genuine. It was odd that Mathilde and he, who had walked most circumspectly, should both have been tripped up, as it were, by love.

'Bah!' he said with a gesture dismissing the subject, 'I cannot tell you more. It is a woman's secret, Monsieur, not mine. Will you deliver a letter for me in Dantzig, that is all I ask?'

'I will give it to Madame Darragon to give to Mademoiselle Mathilde, if you like; I am not returning to Dantzig,' replied Louis. But de Casimir shook his head.

'I am afraid that will not do,' he said doubtfully. 'Between sisters you understand——'

And he was no doubt right; this man of quick perception. Is it not from our nearest relative that our dearest secret is usually withheld?

'You cannot find another messenger?' asked de Casimir, and the anxiety in his face was genuine enough.

'I can—if you wish it.'

'Ah, Monsieur, I shall not forget it! I shall never forget it,' said the sick man quickly and eagerly. 'The letter is there, beneath that sabretasche. It is sealed and addressed.'

Louis found the letter, and went towards the door, as he placed it in his pocket.

'Monsieur,' said de Casimir, stopping him again. 'Your name, if I may ask it, so that I may remember a countryman who has done me so great a service.'

'I am not a countryman; I am an Englishman,' replied Louis. 'My name is Louis d'Arragon.'

'Ah! I know. Charles has told me, Monsieur le——'

But d'Arragon heard no more, for he closed the door behind him.

He found Désirée awaiting him in the entrance hall of the inn, where a fire of pine-logs burnt in an open chimney. The walls and low ceiling were black with smoke, the little windows were covered with ice an inch thick. It was twilight in this quiet room and would have been dark but for the leaping flames of the fire.

'You will go back to Dantzig,' he asked, 'at once?'

He carefully avoided looking at her, though he need not have feared that she would have allowed her eyes to meet his. And thus they stood, looking downward to the fire—alone in a world that heeded them not, and would forget them in a week—and made their choice of a life.

'Yes,' she answered.

He stood thinking for a moment. He was quite practical and matter-of-fact; and had the air of a man of action rather than of one who deals in thoughts, and twists them hither and thither so that good is made to look ridiculous, and bad is tricked out with a fine new name. He frowned as he looked at the fire with eyes that flitted from one object to another, as men's eyes do who think of action and not of thought. This was the sailor—second to none in the shallow northern sea, where all marks had been removed, and every light extinguished—accustomed to facing danger and avoiding it, to foresee remote contingencies and provide against them, day and night, week in, week out; a sailor, careful and intrepid. He had the air of being capable of that concentration without which no man can hope to steer a clear course at all.

‘The horses that brought you from Marienwerder will not be fit for the road till to-morrow morning,’ he said. ‘I will take you back to Thorn at once and—leave you there with Barlasch.’

He glanced towards her, and she nodded, as if acknowledging the sureness and steadiness of the hand at the helm.

‘You can start early to-morrow morning and be in Dantzig to-morrow night.’

They stood side by side in silence for some minutes. He was still thinking of her journey—of the dangers and the difficulties of that longer journey through life without landmark or light to guide her.

‘And you?’ she asked curtly.

He did not reply at once but busied himself with his ponderous fur coat, which he buttoned, as if bracing himself for the start. Beneath her lashes she looked sideways at the deliberate hands and the lean strong face, burnt to a red-brown by sun and snow, half hidden in the fur collar of his worn and weather-beaten coat.

‘Königsberg,’ he answered, ‘and Riga.’

A light passed through her watching eyes, usually so kind and gay; like the gleam of jealousy.

‘Your ship?’ she asked sharply.

‘Yes,’ he answered, as the innkeeper came to tell them that their sleigh awaited them.

It was snowing now, and a whistling, fitful wind swept down the valley of the Vistula from Poland and the far Carpathians which made the travellers crouch low in the sleigh and rendered talk impossible, had there been anything to say. But there was nothing.

They found Barlasch asleep where they had left him in the inn at Thorn, on the floor against the stove. He roused himself with the quickness and completeness of one accustomed to brief and broken rest, and stood up shaking himself in his clothes, like a dog with a heavy coat. He took no notice of d'Arragon, but looked at Désirée with questioning eyes.

'It was not the Captain?' he asked.

And Désirée shook her head. Louis was standing near the door giving orders to the landlady of the inn—a kindly Pomeranian, clean and slow—for Désirée's comfort till the next morning.

Barlasch went close to Désirée and, nudging her arm with exaggerated cunning, whispered :

'Who was it?'

'Colonel de Casimir.'

'With the two carriages and the treasure from Moscow?' asked Barlasch, watching Louis out of the corner of one eye to make sure that he did not hear. It did not matter whether he heard or not, but Barlasch came of a peasant stock that always speaks of money in a whisper. And when Désirée nodded, he cut short the conversation.

The hostess came forward to tell Désirée that her room was ready, kindly suggesting that the 'gnädiges Fräulein' must need sleep and rest. Désirée knew that Louis would go on to Königsberg at once. She wondered whether she should ever see him again—long afterwards, perhaps, when all this would seem like a dream. Barlasch, breathing noisily on his frost-bitten fingers, was watching them. Désirée shook hands with Louis in an odd silence, and turning on her heel followed the woman out of the room without looking back.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AGAINST THE STREAM.

Wo viel Licht ist, ist stärker Schatten.

IN the meantime the last of the Great Army had reached the Niemen, that narrow winding river in its ditch-like bed sunk below the level of the tableland, to which six months earlier the

greatest captain this world has ever seen rode alone, and, coming back to his officers, said :

‘ Here we cross.’

Four hundred thousand men had crossed—a bare eighty thousand lived to pass the bridge again. Twelve hundred cannons had been left behind, nearly a thousand in the hands of the enemy, and the remainder buried or thrown into those dull rivers whose slow waters flow over them to this day. One hundred and twenty-five thousand officers and men had been killed in battle, another hundred thousand had perished by cold and disaster at the Bérésina or other rivers where panic seized the fugitives.

Forty-eight generals had been captured by the Russians, three thousand officers, one hundred and ninety thousand men, swallowed by the silent white Empire of the North and no more seen.

As the retreat neared Vilna the cold had increased, killing men as the first cold of an English winter kills flies. And when the French quitted Vilna, the Russians were glad enough to seek its shelter, Kutusoff creeping in with forty thousand men, all that remained to him of two hundred thousand. He could not carry on the pursuit, but sent forward a handful of Cossacks to harry the hare-brained few who called themselves the rearguard. He was an old man, nearly worn out, with only three months more to live—but he had done his work.

Ney—the bravest of the brave—left alone in Russia at the last with seven hundred foreign recruits, men picked from here and there, called in from the highways and hedges to share the glory of the only Marshal who came back from Moscow with a name untarnished—Ney and Girard, musket in hand, were the last to cross the bridge, shouting defiance at their Cossack foes, who, when they had hounded the last of the French across the frontier, flung themselves down on the bloodstained snow to rest.

All along the banks of the Vistula, from Königsberg and Dantzig up to Warsaw—that slow river which at the last call shall assuredly give up more dead than any other—the fugitives straggled homewards. For the Russians paused at their own frontier, and Prussia was still nominally the friend of France. She had still to wear the mask for three long months when she should at last openly side with Russia, only to be beaten again by Napoleon.

Murat was at Königsberg with the Imperial staff, left in supreme command by the Emperor, and already thinking of his own sunny kingdom of the Mediterranean, and the ease and the glory of it. In a few weeks he, too, must tarnish his name.

'I make over the command to you,' he said to Prince Eugene; and Napoleon's step-son made an answer which shows, as Eugene showed again and again, that contact with a great man makes for greatness.

'You cannot make it over to me,' he replied. 'Only the Emperor can do that. You can run away in the night and the supreme command will devolve on me the next morning.'

And what Murat did is no doubt known to the learned reader. Let us at all events pretend that it is, and be true to our generation.

Macdonald, abandoned by Yorck with the Prussian contingent, in great peril, alone in the north, was retreating with the remains of the Tenth Army Corps, wondering whether Königsberg or Dantzic would still be French when he reached them. On his heels was Wittgenstein, in touch with St. Petersburg and the Emperor Alexander, communicating with Kutusoff at Vilna. And Macdonald, like the Scotchman and the Frenchman that he was, turned at a critical moment and rent Wittgenstein. Here was another bulldog in that panic-stricken pack, who turned and snarled and fought while his companions slunk homewards with their tails between their legs. There were three of such breed—Ney and Macdonald, and Prince Eugene de Beauharnais.

Napoleon was in Paris getting together in wild haste the new army with which he was yet to frighten Europe into fits. And Rapp, doggedly fortifying his frozen city, knew that he was to hold Dantzic at any cost—a remote, far-thrown outpost on the Northern sea, cut off from all help, hundreds of miles from the French frontier, nearly a thousand miles from Paris.

At Marienwerder, Barlasch and Désirée found themselves in the midst of that bustle and confusion which attends the arrival or departure of an army corps. The majority of the men were young and of a dark skin. They seemed gay and called out salutations to which Barlasch replied curtly enough.

'They are Italians,' said he to his companion; 'I know their talk and their manners. To you and me who come from the North they are like children. See that one who is dancing. It is some fête. What is to-day?'

'It is New Year's day,' replied Désirée.

'New Year's day,' echoed Barlasch. 'Good. And we have been on the road since six o'clock; and I, who have forgotten to wish you——' He paused and called cheerily to the horses, which had covered more than forty miles since leaving their stable at Thorn. 'Bon Dieu!' he said in a lower tone, glancing at her beneath the ice-bound rim of his fur cap, 'Bon Dieu—what am I to wish you, I wonder?'

Désirée did not answer, but smiled a little and looked straight in front of her.

Barlasch made a movement of the shoulders and eyebrows indicative of a hidden anger.

'We are friends,' he asked suddenly, 'you and I?'

'Yes.'

'We have been friends since—that day—when you were married?'

'Yes,' answered Désirée.

'Then between friends,' said Barlasch, gruffly; 'it is not necessary to smile—like that—when it is tears that are there.'

Désirée laughed.

'Would you have me weep?' she asked.

'It would hurt one less,' said Barlasch, attending to his horses. They were in the town now and the narrow streets were crowded. Many sick and wounded were dragging themselves wearily along. A few carts, drawn by starving horses, went slowly down the hill. But there was some semblance of order, and these men had the air and carriage of soldiers under discipline. Barlasch was quick to see it.

'It is the Fourth Corps. The Viceroy's army. They have done well. He is a soldier, who commands them. Ah! There is one I know.'

He threw the reins to Désirée, and in a moment he was out on the snow. A man, as old it would seem as himself, in uniform and carrying a rifle, was marching past with a few men who seemed to be under his orders, though his uniform was long past recognition. He did not perceive, for some minutes, that Barlasch was coming towards him, and then the process of recognition was slow. Finally, he laid aside his rifle, and the two old men gravely kissed each other.

Quite forgetful of Désirée they stood talking together for twenty minutes. Then they gravely embraced once more, and

Barlasch returned to the sleigh. He took the reins and urged the horses up the hill without commenting on his encounter, but Désirée could see that he had heard news.

The inn was outside the town, on the road that follows the Vistula northwards to Dirschau and Dantzig. The horses were tired and stumbled on the powdery snow which was heavy, like sand, and of a sandy colour. Here and there, by the side of the road, were great stains of blood and the remains of a horse that had been killed, and eaten raw. The faces of many of the men were smeared with blood, which had dried on their cheeks and caked there. Nearly all were smoke-grimed and had sore eyes.

At last Barlasch spoke, with the decisive air of one who has finally drawn up a course of action in a difficult position.

'He comes from my own country, that man. You heard us? We spoke together in our patois. I shall not see him again. He has a catarrh. When he coughs there is blood. Alas!'

Désirée glanced at the rugged face half turned away from her. She was not naturally heartless; but she quite forgot to sympathise with the elderly soldier who had caught a cold on the retreat from Moscow; for his friend's grief lacked conviction. Barlasch had heard news which he had decided to keep to himself.

'Has he come from Vilna?' asked Désirée.

'From Vilna—oh, yes. They are all from Vilna.'

'And he had no news'—persisted she, 'of—Captain Darragon?'

'News—oh, no! He is a common soldier and knows nothing of the officers on the staff. We are the same—he and I—poor animals in the ranks. A little gentleman rides up, all sabretasche and gold lace. It is an officer of the staff. "Go down into the valley and get shot," he says. And—*bon jour!* we go. No—no. He has no news, my poor comrade.'

They were at the inn now, and found the huge yard still packed with sleighs and disabled carriages, and the stables ostentatiously empty.

'Go in,' said Barlasch; 'and tell them who your father is—say Antoine Sebastian and nothing else. I would do it myself, but when it is so cold as that, the lips are stiff and I cannot speak German properly. They would find out that I am French,

and it is no good being French now. My comrade told me that in Königsberg, Murat himself was ill-received by the burgomaster and such city stuff as that.'

It was as Barlasch foretold. For at the name of Antoine Sebastian the innkeeper found horses—in another stable.

It would take a few minutes, he said, to fetch them, and in the meantime there were coffee and some roast meat—his own dinner. Indeed he could not do enough to testify his respect for Désirée, and his commiseration for her, being forced to travel in such weather through a country infested by starving brigands.

Barlasch consented to come just within the inner door but refused to sit at the table with Désirée. He took a piece of bread and ate it standing.

'See you,' he said to her when they were left alone, 'the good God has made very few mistakes, but there is one thing I would have altered. If He intended us for such a rough life, He should have made the human frame capable of going longer without food. To a poor soldier marching from Moscow to have to stop every three hours and gnaw a piece of horse that has died—and raw—it is not amusing.'

He watched Désirée with a grudging eye. For she was young and had eaten nothing for six freezing hours.

'And for us,' he added; 'what a waste of time.'

Désirée rose at once with a laugh.

'You want to go,' she said. 'Come, I am ready.'

'Yes,' he admitted, 'I want to go. I am afraid—name of a dog! I am afraid, I tell you. For I have heard the Cossacks, cry "Hurrah! Hurrah!" And they are coming.'

'Ah!' said Désirée, 'that is what your friend told you.'

'That, and other things.'

He was pulling on his gloves as he spoke, and turned quickly on his heel when the innkeeper entered the room as if he had expected one of those dread Cossacks of Toula who were half savage. But the innkeeper carried nothing more lethal in his hand than a yellow mug of beer, which he offered to Barlasch. And the old soldier only shook his head.

'There is poison in it,' he muttered. 'He knows I am a Frenchman.'

'Come,' said Désirée, with her gay laugh, 'I will show you that there is no poison in it.'

Barlasch returned to the sleigh. He took the reins and urged the horses up the hill without commenting on his encounter, but Désirée could see that he had heard news.

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'Come,' said Désirée, with her gay laugh, 'I will show you that there is no poison in it.'

She took the mug and drank and handed the measure to Barlasch. It was a poor thin beer and Barlasch was not one to hide his opinion from the host, to whom he made a reproving grimace when he returned the empty mug. But the effect upon him was nevertheless good, for he took the reins again with renewed energy, and called to the horses gaily enough.

'Allons,' he said; 'we shall reach Dantzig safely by nightfall, and there we shall find your husband awaiting us, and laughing at us for our foolish journey.'

But being an old man the beer could not warm his heart for long and he soon lapsed again into melancholy and silence. Nevertheless, they reached Dantzig by nightfall and although it was a bitter twilight—colder than the night itself—the streets were full. Men stood in groups and talked. In the brief time required to journey to Thorn something had happened. Something happened every day in Dantzig; for when history wakes from her slumber and moves, it is with a heavy and restless tread.

'What is it?' asked Barlasch of the sentry at the town gate, while they waited for their passports to be returned to them.

'It is a proclamation from the Emperor of Russia—no one knows how it has got here.'

'And what does he proclaim—that citizen?'

'He bids the Dantzigers rise and turn us out,' answered the soldier, with a grim laugh.

'Is that all?'

'No, comrade that is not all,' was the answer in a graver voice.

'He proclaims that every Pole who submits now will be forgiven and set at liberty; the past, he says, will be committed to an eternal oblivion and a profound silence—those are his words.'

'Ah!'

'Yes, and half the defenders of Dantzig are Poles—there are your passports—pass on.'

They drove through the dark streets where men like shadows hurried silently about their business.

The Frauengasse seemed to be deserted when they reached it. It was Mathilde who opened the door. She must have been at the darkened window, behind the curtain. Lisa had gone home

to her native village in Sammland in obedience to the Governor's orders. Sebastian had not been home all day. Charles had not returned, and there was no news of him.

Barlasch, wiping the snow from his face, watched Désirée and made no comment.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MATHILDE CHOOSES.

But strong is fate, O Love,
Who makes, who mars, who ends.

DÉSIRÉE was telling Mathilde the brief news of her futile journey, when a knock at the front door made them turn from the stairs where they were standing. It was Sebastian's knock. His hours had been less regular of late. He came and went without explanation.

When he had freed his throat from his furs and laid aside his gloves, he glanced hastily at Désirée, who had kissed him without speaking.

'And your husband?' he asked curtly.

'It was not he whom we found at Thorn,' she answered. There was something in her father's voice—in his quick side-long glance at her—that caught her attention. He had changed lately. From a man of dreams he had been transformed into a man of action. It is customary to designate a man of action as a hard man. Custom is the brick wall against which feeble minds come to a standstill and hinder the progress of the world. Sebastian had been softened by action, through which his mental energy had found an outlet. But to-night he was his old self again—hard, scornful, incomprehensible.

'I have heard nothing of him,' said Désirée.

Sebastian was stamping the snow from his boots.

'But I have,' he said, without looking up.

Désirée said nothing. She knew that the secret she had guarded so carefully—the secret kept by herself and Louis—was hers no longer. In the silence of the next moments she could hear Barlasch breathing on his fingers, within the kitchen doorway just behind her. Mathilde made a little movement. She was

on the stairs and she moved nearer to the balustrade and held to it breathlessly. For Charles Darragon's secret was de Casimir's too.

'These two gentlemen,' said Sebastian slowly, 'were in the secret service of Napoleon. They are hardly likely to return to Dantzig.'

'Why not?' asked Mathilde.

'They dare not.'

'I think the Emperor will be able to protect his officers,' said Mathilde.

'But not his spies,' replied Sebastian coldly.

'Since they wore his uniform they cannot be blamed for doing their duty. They are brave enough. They would hardly avoid returning to Dantzig because—because they have outwitted the Tugendbund.'

Mathilde's face was colourless with anger, and her quiet eyes flashed. She had been surprised into this sudden advocacy, and an advocate who displays temper is always a dangerous ally. Sebastian glanced at her sharply. She was usually so self-controlled that her flashing eyes and quick breath betrayed her.

'What do you know of the Tugendbund?' he asked.

But she would not answer, merely shrugging her shoulders and closing her thin lips with a snap.

'It is not only in Dantzig,' said Sebastian, 'that they are unsafe. It is anywhere where the Tugendbund can reach them.'

He turned sharply to Désirée. His wits, cleared by action, told him that her silence meant that she, at all events, had not been surprised. She had, therefore, known already the part played by de Casimir and Charles, in Dantzig, before the war.

'And you,' he said, 'you have nothing to say for your husband.'

'He may have been misled,' she said mechanically, in the manner of one making a prepared speech or meeting a foreseen emergency. It had been foreseen by Louis d'Arragon. The speech had been, unconsciously, prepared by him.

'You mean, by Colonel de Casimir,' suggested Mathilde, who had recovered her usual quiet. And Désirée did not deny her meaning. Sebastian looked from one to the other. It was the irony of Fate that had married one of his daughters to Charles Darragon, and affianced the other to de Casimir. His own secret, so well kept, had turned in his hand like a concealed weapon.

They were all startled by Barlasch, who spoke from the kitchen

door where he had been standing unobserved or forgotten. He came forward to the light of the lamp hanging overhead.

'That reminds me . . .' he said a second time, and having secured their attention, he instituted a search in the many pockets of his nondescript clothing. He still wore a dirty handkerchief bound over one eye. It served to release him from duty in the trenches or work on the frozen fortifications. By this simple device, coupled with half a dozen bandages in various parts of his person, where a frost-bite or a wound gave excuse, he passed as one of the twenty-five thousand sick and wounded who encumbered Dantzic at this time, and were already dying at the rate of fifty a day.

'A letter . . .' he said, still searching with his maimed hand. 'You mentioned the name of the Colonel de Casimir. It was that which recalled to my mind. . . .' He paused, and produced a letter carefully sealed. He turned it over, glancing at the seals with a reproving jerk of the head, which conveyed as clearly as words a shameless confession that he had been frustrated by them . . . 'this letter. I was told to give it you, without fail, at the right moment.'

It could hardly be the case that he honestly thought this moment might be so described. But he gave the letter to Mathilde with a gesture of grim triumph. Perhaps he was thinking of the cellar in the Palace on the Petrovka at Moscow, and the treasure which he had found there.

'It is from the Colonel de Casimir,' he said, 'a clever man,' he added, turning confidentially to Sebastian, and holding his attention by an upraised hand. 'Oh! . . . a clever man.'

Mathilde, her face all flushed, tore open the envelope, while Barlasch, breathing on his fingers, watched with twinkling eye and busy lips.

The letter was a long one. Colonel de Casimir was an adept at explanation. There was no doubt much to explain. Mathilde read the letter carefully. It was the first she had ever had—a love-letter in its guise—with explanations in it. Love and explanation in the same breath. Assuredly de Casimir was a daring lover.

'He says that Dantzic will be taken by storm,' she said at length, 'and that the Cossacks will spare no one.'

'Does it signify,' inquired Sebastian in his smoothest voice, 'what Colonel de Casimir may say?'

His grand manner had come back to him. He made a gesture with his hand almost suggestive of a ruffle at the wrist, and clearly insulting to Colonel de Casimir.

'He urges us to quit the city before it is too late,' continued Mathilde in her measured voice, and awaited her father's reply. He took snuff with a cold smile.

'You will not do so?' she asked. And by way of reply Sebastian laughed as he dusted the snuff from his coat with his pocket-handkerchief.

'He asks me to go to Cracow with the Gräfin, and marry him,' said Mathilde finally. And Sebastian only shrugged his shoulders. The suggestion was beneath contempt.

'And . . . ?' he inquired with raised eyebrows.

'I shall do it,' replied Mathilde, defiance shining in her eyes.

'At all events,' commented Sebastian, who knew Mathilde's mind and met her coldness with indifference, 'you will do it with your eyes open, and not leap in the dark, as Désirée did. I was to blame there; a man is always to blame if he is deceived. With you . . . Bah! you know what the man is. But you do not know, unless he tells you in that letter, that he is even a traitor in his treachery. He has accepted the amnesty offered by the Czar; he has abandoned Napoleon's cause; he has petitioned the Czar to allow him to retire to Cracow and there live on his estates.'

'He has no doubt good reasons for his action,' said Mathilde.

'Two carriages full,' muttered Barlasch, who had withdrawn to the dark corner near the kitchen door. But no one heeded him.

'You must make your choice,' said Sebastian, with the coldness of a judge. 'You are of age. Choose.'

'I have already chosen,' answered Mathilde. 'The Gräfin leaves to-morrow. I will go with her.'

She had, at all events, the courage of her own opinions—a courage not rare in women, however valueless may be the judgment upon which it is based. And in fairness it must be admitted that women usually have the courage not only of the opinion, but of the consequence, and meet it with a better grace than men can summon in misfortune.

Sebastian dined alone and hastily. Mathilde was locked in her room, and refused to open the door. Désirée cooked her father's dinner while Barlasch made ready to depart on some vague errand in the town.

'There may be news,' he said. 'Who knows? And afterwards the patron will go out, and it would not be wise for you to remain alone in the house.'

'Why not?'

Barlasch turned and looked at her thoughtfully over his shoulder.

'In some of the big houses down in the Niederstadt there are forty and fifty soldiers quartered—diseased, wounded, without discipline. There are others coming. I have told them we have fever in the house. It is the only way. We may keep them out; for the Frauengasse is in the centre of the town, and the soldiers are not needed in this quarter. But you—you cannot lie as I can. You laugh—ah! A woman tells more lies; but a man tells them better. Push the bolts when I am gone.'

After his dinner Sebastian went out, as Barlasch had predicted. He said nothing to Désirée of Charles or of the future. There was nothing to be said, perhaps. He did not ask why Mathilde was absent. In the stillness of the house, he could probably hear her moving in her room upstairs.

He had not been long gone when Mathilde came down, dressed to go out. She came into the kitchen where Désirée was doing the work of the absent Lisa, who had reluctantly gone to her home on the Baltic coast. Mathilde stood by the kitchen table and ate some bread.

'The Gräfin has arranged to quit Dantzig to-morrow,' she said. 'I am going to ask her to take me with her.'

Désirée nodded and made no comment. Mathilde went to the door but paused there. Without looking round, she stood thinking deeply. They had grown from childhood together—motherless—with a father whom neither understood. Together they had faced the difficulties of life; the hundred petty difficulties attending a woman's life in a strange land, among neighbours who bear the sleepless grudge of unsatisfied curiosity. They had worked together for their daily bread. And now the full stream of life had swept them together from the safe moorings of childhood.

'Will you come too?' asked Mathilde. 'All that he says about Dantzig is true.'

'No, thank you,' answered Désirée, gently enough. 'I will wait here. I must wait in Dantzig.'

'I cannot,' said Mathilde, half excusing herself. 'I must go. I cannot help it. You understand?'

'Yes,' said Désirée, and nothing more.

Had Mathilde asked her the question six months ago she would have said 'No.' But she understood now, not that Mathilde could love de Casimir; that was beyond her individual comprehension, but that there was no alternative now.

Soon after Mathilde had gone, Barlasch returned.

'If Mademoiselle Mathilde is going she will have to go to-morrow,' he said. 'Those that are coming in at the gates now are the rearguard of the Heudelet Division which was driven out of Elbing by the Cossacks three days ago.'

He sat mumbling to himself by the fire and only turned to the supper which Désirée had placed in readiness for him when she quitted the room and went upstairs. It was he who opened the door for Mathilde, who returned in half an hour. She thanked him absent-mindedly and went upstairs. He could hear the sisters talking together in a low voice in the drawing-room, which he had never seen, at the top of the stairs.

Then Désirée came down and he helped her to find in a shed in the yard one of those travelling trunks which he had recognised as being of French manufacture. He took off his boots and carried it upstairs for her.

It was ten o'clock before Sebastian came in. He nodded his thanks to Barlasch and watched him bolt the door. He made no inquiry as to Mathilde, but extinguished the lamp and went to his room. He never mentioned her name again.

Early the next morning, the girls were astir. But Barlasch was before them, and when Désirée came down she found the kitchen fire alight. Barlasch was cleaning a knife, and nodded a silent good-morning. Désirée's eyes were red, and Barlasch must have noted this sign of grief, for he gave a contemptuous laugh and continued his occupation.

It was barely daylight when the Gräfin's heavy old-fashioned carriage drew up in front of the house. Mathilde came down, thickly veiled and in her travelling furs. She did not seem to see Barlasch, and omitted to thank him for carrying her travelling trunk to the carriage.

He stood on the terrace beside Désirée until the carriage had turned the corner into the Pfaffengasse.

'Bah!' he said, 'let her go. There is no stopping them when they are like that. It is the curse—of the Garden of Eden.'

(To be continued.)

THE COSMOPOLITAN CLUB.

BY THE RIGHT HON. SIR ALGERNON WEST, G.C.B.

ON December 17, 1902, the Cosmopolitan Club, 30 Charles Street, Mayfair, surrounded by a few sorrowing friends, passed away from its old abode and migrated to new rooms in the Alpine Club in Savile Row, where it is hoped it may eternally flourish, but the sad event of its migration should not be allowed to occur without some notice.

Under the heading of 'obituary' we who still remain are accustomed daily to find the names of some old friends or acquaintances who have crossed the dark river, and we ask ourselves what was their title to be included in the literary *campo santo* of the 'Times,' and wonder whether some day our names will be inserted in the outer sheet at a cost to our executors of 7s. 6d., or whether we, too, shall be deemed worthy of a place in the gratuitous obituary, and, if so, what will be recorded of us and our doings. In this obituary the Cosmopolitan may well claim a place.

The idea of the club was originated by a few friends meeting on two evenings of each week at Colonel Stirling's, who subsequently became Sir Anthony, and was appointed Adjutant-General of the Highland Brigade in the Crimea, where he was Chief of the Staff to Sir Colin Campbell, afterwards Lord Clyde. The meetings were held in his house, called the White Cottage, which was approached through a narrow passage and garden out of Knightsbridge, but it has long since disappeared, and its place opposite the Cavalry Barracks has been absorbed, as far as I can gather, by the buildings around Kent House.

The young men collected there were evidently fond of theatrical impersonations, for at the time when England was ringing with the disclosures made by Mr. Gladstone of the horrors of the Neapolitan prisons, Sir William Stirling appeared as Poerio, with George Cavendish Bentinck chained to him as the 'degraded being.' And, again, on one evening in 1854, when the British public were becoming weary of the protracted negotiations with Russia about the Holy Places, and a generation of Englishmen who had never experienced the horrors of war were anxious for them

to come to an end, Sir William Stirling Maxwell again amused the assembled company by coming into the room with a huge cloak and a carpet bag, burlesquing Baron Brunnow, the Russian Ambassador, on his departure from this country on the declaration of war.

The pleasures of this time were soon to be marred, however, by the departure of Colonel Stirling for the Crimea, and the evenings at the White Cottage were thus hurriedly brought to an end; but the spirits of the coterie were not to be daunted, the idea originated by Colonel Stirling was too good to be lost, and it was determined that the Sunday and Wednesday meetings should be continued in Robert Morier's rooms at 49 Bond Street, and the coterie became a Club.

Addison once said that 'all celebrated clubs were founded upon eating and drinking, which are points wherein most men agree, and in which the learned and illiterate, the dull and the airy, the philosopher and the buffoon, can all of them bear a part.' I believe that this axiom is true of nearly every club. But the food of the Cosmopolitan was intellectual food, and intellectual food only; still it was good and it sufficed.

The list of the original twenty-five members of the Club is before me:

The few, the happy few
This band of brothers.

Only three of the original members who assisted at its birth remain to mourn its departure from its old habitation: Lord Ripon, Sir William Harcourt, and Lord Lingen.

Among the original members there was Robert Lowe, who, recently returned from a high position in Australia, was only forty years of age. He was then member for Kidderminster, and already one of the leader writers in the 'Times,' with every intention of carving out a career for himself in English political life. Success came rapidly, but, as is so often the case, it came too late for enjoyment.¹ As Chancellor of the Exchequer in Mr. Gladstone's Government of 1868 he wrote some pathetic lines not generally known:

Success has come—the thing that men admire,
The pomp of office and the care of State,
Ambition has nought left her to desire,
Success has come, but, ah! has come too late.

¹ He died as Lord Sherbrooke.

Where is the bounding pulse of other days
 That would have flashed enchantment thro' my frame,
 The lips that would have loved to speak my praise,
 The eyes that would have brightened at my name ?
 Oh! vanity of vanities—For truth
 And time dry up the spring where joy was rife,
 Teach us we are but shadows of our youth,
 And mock us with the emptiness of life.

Ralph Lingon, now Lord Lingon, having reaped to the full all the glories of a brilliant University career, was entering the Education Department. Henry Austen Layard, fresh from his excavations and discoveries at Nineveh and Babylon, was not yet in Parliament. George Venables, who had the reputation of having broken Thackeray's nose in a fight when they were boys together at Charterhouse, was one of the brilliant writers who were making to be felt the influence of the 'Saturday Review.'

Francis Palgrave, an art critic of that journal, who had begun his career as assistant Private Secretary to Mr. Gladstone, was already Vice-President of Kneller Hall. A poet and friend of Tennyson, he had probably persuaded his Principal, the future Bishop of Exeter and Archbishop of Canterbury, to join their company, while James Spedding, not yet forty years old, the dearest friend of Edward FitzGerald, whom Tennyson called 'The Pope among us young men,' had already refused the position of Permanent Under-Secretary of State at the Colonial Office, and was soon after to attain distinction as the biographer of Bacon Watts and John Ruskin, already famous, were destined to far higher fame. Then there was the humorous and witty preacher at Berkeley Chapel, William Brookfield, whose name is so identified with Thackeray and Tennyson, and Monckton Milnes, the poet, or, as he was wittily called by Carlyle, 'The President of the Heaven and Hell Amalgamation Society'—of whom it was said: 'Whenever he comes into the room, everybody is in better humour with everybody else.'

Robert Browning, the poet son of a poet, still with his fame to make, but even then with a fund of anecdote and devoted to society even more than to poetry, full of ambition and eager for success, had been an author since the age of nineteen, and had already written a tragedy, which was acted by Macready and Miss Helen Faucit. When he produced an early volume of poems he was delighted at receiving a letter from Mr. J. S. Mill, proposing to write a notice of them in the 'Westminster Review.'

A few days after, his expectations were dashed by hearing from Mr. J. S. Mill, saying he could not write the article as he had been forestalled by a notice which had appeared in the 'Westminster Review' itself. With a palpitating heart Browning rushed to his club and searched the pages of the 'Westminster Review,' to find, to his dismay, the article which had robbed him of J. S. Mill's notice; it was to this effect:

'A volume of poems by Browning—balderdash!'

When he had become famous some one wanted very much to meet him. A kind friend arranged a meeting, and the guest besieged Browning with questions and conversation during dinner, and even after dinner he continued buttonholing his victim. 'Come,' said the poet, 'this will never do; they will say I am monopolising you.'

Chichester Fortescue had achieved a high university reputation and was already a Member of Parliament for Louth. Henry Reeve, an accomplished French and German scholar, a writer in the 'Times' and subsequently Editor of the 'Edinburgh Review,' had successfully violated all the rules of the Civil Service, of which he was a member, by retaining this appointment—and was afterwards the editor of Charles Greville's famous Memoirs. Danby Seymour became the historian of the shores of the Black Sea and the Sea of Azov. Lord Goderich was a young and enthusiastic politician just entering into Parliamentary life. Robert Morier, nephew of 'Hajji Baba,' soon about to commence a diplomatic career as an unpaid *attaché* at Vienna, where Julian Fane had procured him an appointment in his father's Chancellery, was panting with an early ambition which was hereafter to be fully gratified.

Philip Hardwicke, the well-known architect, Vice-President of the Institute of British Architects; Henry Phillips, the artist; Lord Arthur Russell, and Sir William Stirling Maxwell were also among those who considered that the numbers who were anxious to belong to this brilliant society could no longer be accommodated in so small a space as Morier's rooms, and they determined to establish a club, with the object, as they said in their new rules, 'of promoting social intercourse among its members, and to afford a place of occasional resort to gentlemen from the British Colonies, or in the service of the East India Company, or to such other persons not habitually living in London, as the Committee may think it desirable to invite.'

The election was conducted in a peculiar manner : The names of candidates were placed on a list which was circulated to all existing members, and they placed a mark against the candidate or candidates, as many as there were vacancies, and returned it to the secretary anonymously. On an evening of election the numbers attached to the candidates were counted, and the vacancies were filled; but should no candidate have attained twenty-five votes, their election was decided by a ballot in the room. In this way no question of blackballing ever occurred, but if any candidate failed to get three votes at any election he was struck off the list.

The custom at these annual meetings was for our president to be seated in the centre of a large ottoman in the middle of the room, with a poker in his hand as the emblem of authority. Those who can recollect the late Lord Derby can conjure up to themselves the comic solemnity of this function.

Mr. Watts who had come back from Italy in 1847, and who for a time painted in Dorchester House, had brought with him a gigantic picture taken from a story of Boccaccio,¹ put into English verse by Dryden, and entitled 'Theodore and Honoria.' He had painted it in an outhouse of Lord Holland's Villa at Florence. The picture shows stripped of her clothes a dame distressed :

Her face, her hands, her naked limbs were torn
With passing through the brakes and prickly thorn.
Two mastiffs gaunt and grim her flight pursued,
And oft their fastened fangs in blood embued. . . .
Not far behind, a knight of swarthy face
High on a coal-black steed pursued the chase.

This terrible apparition Theodore shows to the obstinate Honoria at a picnic. It cured her of her unwillingness to marry him. It was a standing joke of Sir William Stirling Maxwell's to any newcomer :

'You have heard of Watts' hymns ? Well, this is one of his *hers*.'²

This huge picture could be accommodated only in a huge room, and Mr. Watts took the rooms of a Mr. Denew, an auctioneer, at 30 Charles Street, Mayfair. Here he painted, among other works, the 'Good Samaritan'; 'Life's Illusions'; Portrait of

Gior. 5*, Novella 8*. Nastagio and a daughter of the Traversari.

This picture at the migration of the Club was presented to the Trustees of the National Gallery, and is now in the Tate Gallery.

Henry Phillips, the Hon. Secretary of the Cosmopolitan Club, and a 'Saxon Sentinel,' which mysteriously disappeared and is now in the public gallery in York. When Mr. Watts migrated to Little Holland House, the Cosmopolitan Club rented his studio and established themselves there. They were thus enabled to enlarge their borders, and in 1862 there were 120 members.

The room wherein we met apparently was built for conspirators—no windows to the back or front or at the sides; it was lighted only from a high skylight, which in the daytime gave a melancholy gloom to the surrounding walls, and yet it had a charm of its own—associations and memories crowded around it; and once the club was well nigh killed by a removal to smart rooms, in what was once Crockford's and is now the Devonshire—which rapidly terminated about 1858, when the Club returned with a catlike domesticity to its old home.

The furniture of the room was very simple. At the entrance there was a large screen portraying on each leaf some Chinese form of torture. Henry Loch used to say that when he was in captivity, and hourly expecting his death at the hands of the Chinese, his mind often wandered back to the old screen at the Cosmopolitan, and the scenes which he thought would so soon be realised in his own body.

I doubt whether the famous Literary Club, founded in 1764, with its prophetic motto of 'Esto perpetua,' contained a more brilliant list of members. If we regret the absence among them of a Boswell, we can rejoice that there was no Dr. Johnson to hector and to bully. Garrick, Gibbon, and Sir Joshua Reynolds and Goldsmith must have been good company, but the author of the phrase 'A Clubbable man' must have ruined it all—that strange figure, says Macaulay, 'the gigantic body, the huge massy face seamed with the scars of disease, the brown coat, the black worsted stockings, the grey wig with the scorched foretop, the dirty nails bitten to the quick, the eyes and mouth moving with convulsive twitches, the heavy form rolling and puffing—and the "Why, sir?" "What then, sir?" and "You don't see your way through the question, sir,"'—with his odious habit of fastening nicknames on people who resented them: could such a Club even in those days be social or amusing? No wonder absence was penalised by a fine; attendance was compulsory, and dinners were held every week. The number of its members was increased because of its internal dissensions. It was not so with the Cosmopolitan, whose popularity

made it impossible to restrain the appeals of those who thought it a high honour to be included in its ranks.

The Dilettanti Club was founded and maintained for the encouragement of a taste for the fine arts, and exists to-day, but they are obliged to feed their members at dinners.

In the Cosmopolitan the fine arts were bodily represented by the presence of Watts, Millais and Leighton. Of such men what numberless amusing tales could be told !

But what less exhilarating than the array of witticisms with which too faithful chroniclers justify the reputation of accomplished members of society ! Whence, we wonder, came the magic which gave phrases such as these their potency over the hearts and intellects of mankind ? As well ask whence comes the magic of music or the charm of the landscape which fades from our view before we have drunk our fill of its delight.

The crowded candidates' book soon showed the growing popularity of the Club. It figures in all the memoirs of the time. John Blackwood tells of a 'capital night at the Cosmopolitan with Larry (Laurence Oliphant), where he found no end of people : Speke, the discoverer of the sources of the Nile ; Kinglake in a cordial vein' ; young Lytton, fresh in 1864 from Copenhagen, then the centre of European interest, was quite a lion. The Club was full of celebrities of one sort and another, and 'it is the best gathering in London.'

Laurence Oliphant, hand in glove with half the potentates and conspirators in Europe, was a spasmodic visitor, appearing before his astonished and delighted friends from all parts of the world like a falling star, slipping into the old accustomed modes of life as easily as he resumed his London clothes ; now from Paris, now from the Euphrates, and more lately from the States, where he had gone in search of the 'real life.' Colonel Fuller, an American traveller, talks of the Cosmopolitans as men of talent, of genius, and of travel, who sink nationalities at least twice a week, and meet on the broad plain of universal ideas, as the disillusioned, disembodied spirits are supposed to meet in another and better world.

Time and space would fail me to tell of all the distinguished names of the men who have made England great, who now were elected members of the Club. There were Lord Dufferin, Kinglake, Leighton, Millais, Marochetti, Woolner, Sir John Lawrence, Sir James Outram, Lord Stanley, John Bright, Froude, and Henry

Bruce, Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff, and Lord Herschell, to mention only a few.

One night, after the Crimean war, Count Montalembert, who was very hostile to the Napoleon III. dynasty, was denouncing our alliance with him: 'There was a time,' he said, 'when Englishmen wore no hair on their faces and no decorations on their coats; now,' he said, 'every other man I meet wears a beard and a legion of honour in his buttonhole.'

Swinburne one night was brought in as a visitor: 'Who is that man,' said a member, 'who looks like the Duke of Argyll possessed of a devil?'

There were occasions on which the ascetic customs of the Club were put aside and they entertained illustrious members of their number.

Lord Aberdare says in 1868:

Our Cosmopolitan dinner to Lord Clyde went off brilliantly; de Grey proposed his health in an excellent speech, which the veteran acknowledged in a few simple, hearty words; then came some pleasant speeches from Thackeray, Lord Wodehouse, Lord Stanley, Monckton Milnes, Layard, &c.

And at another time, Lord Wolseley, who was a member of the Club, on his return from Egypt after Tel-el-Kebir in 1882, was entertained at a Cosmopolitan dinner, at the Buckingham Palace Hotel, when the Prince of Wales took the chair, and Sir G. Wolseley's health was proposed in a delightful speech by Lord Dufferin; he was seconded by Henry Grenfell, who strayed far from his subject, but, as old letters say, was vastly entertaining.

Later in its history the Club entertained Lord Sandhurst on his return from a successful Governorship at Bombay in very trying times.

It was in the seventies that, through the kindness of my friends, I was elected a member of this chosen body, and out of the original number of twenty-five a few had gone, but many remained, and new members had been added to the list.

It is always a misfortune to a Club of this kind, where late hours were the order of the day, that year by year men arrive at a time of life when they are not as willing to 'steal a few hours from the night' as they were in the consulship of Plancus.

But still the Club was in its zenith. Anthony Trollope's rather loud but genial laugh was constantly to be heard there. The strong modern current of thought was represented by

Millais and Tom Hughes of Rugby fame, both blowing huge blasts of tobacco smoke from their short pipes. Here, too, might often be seen George Smith, the friend of the Brontës and Thackeray, who is famous as the publisher of 'Jane Eyre' and 'Vanity Fair.' And modern society was represented by George Barrington and his dainty cigarette.

Sir William Harcourt, who in his early life at Cambridge had been one of 'the Apostles,' and had, as a young member, rivalled the fame of Junius in his pamphlet on 'The Morality of Public Men,' and Drummond Wolff with his racy stories gathered from various countries and haunts of men, were constant attendants. Drummond Wolff told us of a story against himself, of his saying he had to go to a State concert, and he was engaged to dine out that night—What should he do? 'Dine in your uniform,' said Knatchbull Hugessen. 'Oh! every one will be saying—"Who is that d——d fool?"' 'They will say that anyhow,' replied Hugessen. Lord Lytton was there, and Julian Fane, whose indescribable charms, inherited in later times by his daughter, fascinated not only women but men. I recollect on one occasion his lifelike delineation of Rachel in her part of Adrienne Lecouvreur—and Horace Wigan, not to be outdone, made us roar with laughter with his burlesques of the strong man or the Bounding Brick of Babylon. Tom Taylor, who thought it worth while to descend from his house on Lavender Hill, added to our amusement by telling us how on his journey in the omnibus the driver said: 'It seems to me, Sir, that society's pretty well nigh at an end in Paris. I was reading in the paper last night that they was a-making barricades of omnibuses, and I thinks to myself when they come to do that society's pretty well nigh at an end.'

Charles Bowen, with his inimitable wit, often came. I recollect on one occasion hearing how Professor Huxley had been rather aggressively talking about a future state; it was the time when Chinese Gordon was in men's minds and conversations. 'I do not altogether deny,' said the Professor, 'that a man like Gordon might blow his brains out and feel that in another sphere he might find a field for future usefulness.' 'Would the absence of brains,' said the childish voice of Lord Bowen, 'contribute, do you think, to that greater usefulness?'

There was a good story told once of Bowen's brother, whose horse went lame. The vet. was summoned, and the horse pronounced as afflicted with an incurable navicular disease: 'What had I

better do?' said Bowen. 'Well, sir,' said his groom, 'conscientiously speaking, I should part with him to another gentleman.'

Lord Granville and his brother were constant in their attendance, and Randolph Churchill paid us a visit which was not altogether felicitous, owing to his not being introduced, as was the custom, to the members who were present.

Evelyn Ashley, the distinguished editor of the 'Owl,' since passed away, transferred his wit from its pages to the rooms of the Club.

One night, when a stranger who had been expressing his opinions rather dictatorially had left the room, Sir Charles Fremantle said to me: 'How cocksure that man always is!—whereas you and I go creeping through the world thanking God we are not found out.'

Frederick Locker, the author of charming 'Vers de Société,' and Tennyson I have seen sitting on a sofa by the fireside; but he could get little responsive conversation from the Poet Laureate, whom he admired so much.

Higgins, known by his *nom de plume*, 'Jacob Omnium,' towered over us in his superiority of six feet seven, and inspired an awe which was described by Thackeray:

His name is Jacob Omnium, Esquire,
And if I'd committed crimes,
Good Lord! I wouldn't ave that mann
Attack me in the 'Times.'

The genial humour and ever ready wit of Godfrey Webb proved a valuable asset of the Club, which was regretfully parted with at his death.

The secretaryship was held by successive members, Mr. Cartwright, Dr. Hamilton, and latterly by Sir Nigel Kingscote, who brought to bear in the performance of his duties a charm of manner, a personal popularity, and a perennial youth which reflected themselves upon every member of the Club.

Lord Welby and Sir Redvers Buller ever and anon would discuss in amicable fury the Military and Treasury views of affairs, and sometimes would be more genially agreed in discussing the qualities of menus and the glory of 1874 champagne.

Dr. Quain, the eminent physician, full of Hibernian wit, would sometimes tell us unauthorised anecdotes of his professional experiences. Once he was attending a well-known man of miserly habits in Mayfair, who, when very ill, asked him to honestly tell

him if he would ever again rise from his bed of sickness. The doctor thought he never would. 'Please ring the bell,' said the patient; and when he had secured the attendance of his house-keeper, he said: 'Have the strip of carpet by my bedside, which is a good one, wrapped up and put away. I shall not want it again, and if it is left here, those undertaker's men will be sure to spoil it with their dirty boots.' Heaven defend us all, rich or poor, from such a squalid ending!

Hang Theology Rogers, as he was called—or rather as he called himself, the Rector of Costermongia—spared a few hours from his mission houses, his schools, and his library to delight us with his broad views and delightful conversation, and even after a serious accident he would limp up, at much inconvenience and some pain, to see his old companions and have a talk with Lord Rosebery, who was far too casual an attendant.

Sir George Dasent, the Scandinavian scholar, with a querulous voice and quaint humour, was always sarcastic and bright, and would vie with Lord Granville and his brother in their stories of social interest. Before his appointment to the Board of the Civil Service Commission he had been sub-Editor of the 'Times'—but that great newspaper was not left unrepresented at his death, for Mr. Moberly Bell, its manager, became a great addition to our pleasant meetings. One evening, during the Rhodesian fever, he told us how at a party at his house an enthusiastic lady had begged to be shown her hero. Bell pointed at his friend Lucy, of literary fame, upon whom the lady gazed with rapt observation. 'Thank you,' she said, 'I am glad to have seen him, but he does not look to me to be a maker of Empires.'

And now the walls that have witnessed so many brilliant meetings of brilliant men—which, had they ears, must have heard so many good stories that perish in the telling—are being torn down by the hands of the omnivorous builder; and quiet ghosts of departed time hover about the desecrated hearth of the old Club. And so familiar landmarks disappear, old memories fade away, all the busy actors in life's theatre disappear, and they who are left are those only who are to be pitied.

WHO KILLED SIR EDMUND BERRY GODFREY?

BY ANDREW LANG.

THE advantage of living in an old country is that we possess Historical Mysteries. The Americans admit it to be a defect in their institutions that they have none. Among our mysteries is 'Who killed Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey, on October 12, 1678?'

On that day, Sir Edmund, a Justice of the Peace for Westminster, left his bachelor establishment, in Green Lane, near the Strand, at 9 A.M., and went out for a walk. He was as notable a man and as well known as any in the little London of Izaak Walton's time. He was seen near the yellowing autumnal woods of Paddington, about midday, was seen as he strolled homewards towards his house in Green Lane, Strand, was seen about dinner time (one o'clock) in the Strand, and did not dine at the house of a friend, Mr. Welden, where he was more than half expected. On the previous night, he had told Mr. Welden that he was not sure whether he could dine with him next day, or not.

After one o'clock, there is no certain evidence that Sir Edmund was beheld by any honest man. Where did he dine? Whether at a tavern, or in the house of a private friend, his presence would have been remembered and attested. It seems to follow that the knight did not dine at all, and, if not, why not?

For some days, he had uttered to many persons gloomy forebodings about his coming end. Whom did he fear? We really do not know. On September 6, he had heard Titus Oates swear to the truth of a deposition about the Popish plot. Titus merely 'swore at large,' and took away his papers. On September 28, Titus again swore to his depositions, of which he now left a copy with Godfrey: another he took to Whitehall, to the Council and King, and left it there. He told the King his story, in which one point was true: Coleman, secretary to the wife of the Duke of York (James II.), had held a technically treasonable correspondence with the confessor of Louis XIV. Another point was partly true. Titus swore that the Jesuits met in council on April 24, at the White Horse Tavern, Strand, that he himself was there, and that they debated on the murder of Charles II. As a matter of fact, they merely held a 'consult,' as they did every three years, on

their own business, in the Duke of York's rooms in St. James's, and Titus was not present. He was in France. However, the Duke was guilty of high treason for 'harbouring' Jesuits, and, if the fact came out, he would, at least, be excluded from the succession to the throne—a blow to the Catholic cause in England.

No sooner did Godfrey hear Oates, than he communicated his depositions to Coleman, for the information of the Duke of York! Coleman might have now destroyed all his papers, or fled, or both. Had he done so, there would have been no evidence for any part of Oates's tale. Thus, as far as in him lay, Godfrey had 'stified the plot.' But Coleman did not fly, and left his papers, or part of them, to be seized like himself. He gave himself up on September 30, his papers were found to be treasonable, and he was sent to Newgate on October 1. Later he was hanged.

After September 28 Godfrey went in fear. He was, by some, accused of too much Protestant activity; by others of too little, they would complain of him, they said, to Parliament, which was about to meet. On the day before his disappearance, he got back from the Lord Chief Justice the original copy of Oates's deposition. Angry Catholics might want to seize *that*. To a Mr. Wynnell he said that Oates was perjured; Oates might want to revenge *that*. Godfrey also knew that, in divulging what Oates had said to Coleman, for the Duke of York, he had risked his head, for the Protestant blood was now up. On every side, danger beset him, and he was a melancholic man: his father had had suicidal tendencies.

Another source of danger has been conjectured. We have mentioned a Mr. Wynnell, a friend of Godfrey's—this gentleman did not give his evidence till eight or nine years later. It may be objected that his memory, by that time, was untrustworthy, but, if we accept any of his testimony, we must accept all of it, where it is not self-contradictory or otherwise invalidated. He declared that Godfrey told him he was 'master of a dangerous secret' that would be fatal to him, and (in the same sentence) that his 'security' lay in a certain deposition of Oates's, which cleared him, on some points, *as regarded the Government*. Now in his 'Popish Plot'¹ (an excellent study of these affairs), Mr. John Pollock has quoted Wynnell as to Godfrey's possession of 'a dangerous secret,' but has overlooked, or has omitted at least, his remarks

¹ Duckworth, 1903.

as to his 'security.' These indicate that Godfrey apprehended danger from Protestant indignation with his conduct. Oates's deposition could not be a 'security' to Godfrey against the malice of Papists.

Mr. Pollock, however, supposes that Godfrey's 'secret' was the knowledge that the Jesuits, on April 24, met at the Duke of York's: he imagines that Coleman allowed Godfrey to learn this on September 28; and that Godfrey was killed by Jesuits, lest he, as duty bade a Government official to do, should reveal the facts about the Jesuits' meeting, and so ruin the Duke and the Catholic cause. But, first, Wynell's report of Godfrey's statement to him is incompatible with Mr. Pollock's hypothesis as to the nature of the dangerous secret. Next, Godfrey could not reveal the Duke of York's secret without exposing his own treasonable conduct in giving early warning to Coleman and the Duke of York; so Godfrey would hold his tongue. In 1680, a perjurer named Dugdale averred that, as he had learned from Evers, a Jesuit, the Duke sent to ask Coleman, when in prison, if he had revealed anything? Coleman replied, 'Only to Godfrey,' and asked 'What the nearer is it?' meaning that Godfrey, in his own interest, must keep silence. The Duke, according to Dugdale, answered that he would take no action against Godfrey — 'would not come in against him' — unless Godfrey divulged what he had learned from Coleman. Godfrey divulged nothing, and therefore, even if Dugdale deviated into the truth, the Duke had no occasion to destroy him.

This is obvious, yet it may be granted that Jesuits *might* think it safer to kill Godfrey, even though to do so would increase the furious belief in the plot. Again, if they did kill him, their proverbial cunning would induce them so to arrange matters that Godfrey might seem to have committed suicide, as, in his position, a melancholic man might naturally do. At the same time, as Oates, for three nights (September 28 to September 30), had organised Jesuit hunts, taken several of them, and frightened others, it may be doubted whether Jesuits would be seeking melodramatic adventures in London.

Meantime, where was Godfrey? As early as March 1681, a pamphleteer announced that he had been missed in the afternoon of October 12. This writer was not, it seems, Roger L'Estrange, an old fighting cavalier, who pluckily exposed the falsehoods of Oates and the other perjured witnesses. Later, in 1684-1687,

L'Estrange (now a justice of the peace) took much evidence to show that Godfrey really was missed on the afternoon of the day when he disappeared, and that the report of his murder by 'the bloody Papists' was all over the coffee-houses, full of panic-stricken newsmongers as they were. On Sunday, Godfrey's clerk, Moore, apprised his brothers of his absence. They feared he had committed suicide, in which case his estate would pass from them to the Crown. On Tuesday, October 15, they publicly announced his disappearance. By Thursday, October 17, Bishop Burnet, and Lloyd, Dean of St. Asaph's, heard, between two and four o'clock, that Godfrey's body had been found, pierced by his own sword. But not till about five o'clock was his corpse found in that condition, and not till later still was it recognised as Godfrey's. The earlier report which reached the Bishop and the Dean (as the Dean told the world in his funeral sermon over Godfrey) is a minor mystery. Perhaps it arose from a mere conjecture that he had committed suicide.

The body was found in circumstances, variously narrated, by two poor fellows, Bromwell and Walters. They were instantly thrown into Newgate prison, where Bromwell lay for long, very badly treated, he said, to make him confess what he did not know. Their usage warned all men to conceal any knowledge of Godfrey's movements which they might possess; and it was dangerous to say anything which did not tally with the belief that Godfrey had been slain by bloody Papists.

Bromwell and Walters, walking in the fields on the south of Primrose Hill, on Thursday, October 17, had seen a cane, a scabbard, gloves, and other things, lying on the edge of a dry, bramble-covered ditch. In March 1681, a pamphleteer describes the place as 'surrounded with closes, mounds, and ditches, and no road near, but only dirty lanes for cattle, which did not come nearer the place than five hundred yards.' Whether Bromwell and Walters now saw a body in the ditch or not, is disputed. They went to a shanty, the White House tavern, kept by one Rawson, and used as a club in summer by some Catholic tradesmen. They told Rawson of their discovery, but, as rain began to fall, no search was made till about five, and in the dark, the company with Constable Brown and some men on horseback visited the ditch. They found therein a dead man, lying face forward and downwards, a sword-point projecting out of his black camlet coat at the back. The shoes were clean—according to

L'Estrange the soles were 'glazed' with walking on the grass—and grass seeds were in the seams. If so, there was a clean way across fields to the ditch. The sword was drawn out, and the body was carried to the White House and recognised as that of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey.

Next day, Friday, a coroner's inquest was held, and adjourned to Saturday. The evidence of two surgeons was that death had been caused by strangulation and dislocation of the neck. A sword wound had been dealt after death, and another stab had driven the sword, Godfrey's own, clean through the heart and back. The breast had been severely contused. The absence of blood on the clothes and ground proved that the wounds were inflicted long after death.

L'Estrange denies the evidence as to blood, denies that the neck was dislocated, explains the marks of strangling as due to the flow of blood, checked by a hard tight collar, and dismisses the surgical evidence as due to the bias against Papists. The 'brithers o' the corp' would not permit a regular *post-mortem* examination. Evidence was given that the field had been hunted by harriers on the Tuesday and Wednesday, and no body found by them. L'Estrange says that the same dogs hunted a neighbouring wood for six weeks without discovering a corpse which lay there!

He also complains, with reason, that Godfrey's clerk, Moore, and others, who could speak to his movements on the Saturday, were insufficiently examined or not at all. His own theory was that Godfrey sought a place of suicide in Paddington woods about noon, lost heart, came back (which is certain) to town, and, in the afternoon, walked to the fields, and fell on his own sword in the ditch. In fact, where *was* Sir Edmund all that afternoon?

The jury found that Godfrey had been strangled with 'a certain piece of linen cloth of no value,' by persons unknown. Why 'a linen cloth'?

So the mystery stood, till, on November 7, a scoundrel and swindler named Bedloe came in, under promise of pardon and reward, and gave evidence before the King. He lodged with another perjurer, Captain Atkins, in the same house as 'a Jesuit,' Le Fevre, and Walsh, 'a Jesuit,' so he said. He contradicted himself flatly whenever he gave evidence, but he always accused Le Fevre, Walsh, Pritchard, a real Jesuit, and 'the youngest waiter in the Queen's chapel,' 'the chapel-keeper,' 'a man in a purple

gown,' of being the murderers. He had not seen the dead body; later, he said that he had been shown it by the light of a dark lantern, in a room of the Queen's palace, Somerset House. He could not point out the room. As to the hour, he varied between 2 P.M. (when the King himself, with guards, seems to have been in Somerset House) to 5 P.M., when the Queen gave orders that no visitors were to be admitted. Charles detected the perjuries, but Bedloe's contradictions never, not even when made in open court, were allowed to check judicial belief in him. He said that Mr. Pepys's clerk, Atkins, was present when he saw the dead body, but, Atkins having an *alibi*, he declined to swear to him. He had not yet found out that he was safe, however often he varied in his lies.

The Jesuits were sought for, vainly, at Somerset House, and a proclamation was issued for them, without mention of Bedloe's charge of the murder of Godfrey. They were not taken; probably they had fled before Godfrey's murder, alarmed by Oates's Jesuit hunts. No information as to whether they were seen in London after October 1 is known to exist. Yet the porter and other servants at Somerset House must have been asked whether Le Fevre had been in the Queen's palace. We never hear that Bedloe ascertained, at the Queen's chapel, the name of the other murderer, 'the chapel keeper' 'in the purple gown.'

Mr. Pollock's theory is that the Jesuits were the murderers, that Bedloe's suspicions were excited by their absence from their rooms, on parts of the nights of October 12 and October 16 (when the body was carried away to the ditch), and that he wormed their secret out of them. But why should the Jesuits be away from home on the *night* of October 12, if the murder was committed at two, three, four, or five o'clock, as Bedloe variously declared. And why, if Jesuits were such fools as to kill a man in the Queen's house, should they tell Bedloe the truth? Had they no ready falsehood? Godfrey was a great friend of many Jesuits: they could have lured him to their secret haunts, and done for him there. Above all, there is no evidence that Bedloe's Jesuits were in London on October 12.

Time went on; one witness only had been found. But on December 21, an Irish silversmith who worked for the Queen's chapel, Miles Prance, was arrested. He had been denounced by a lodger of his, John Wren, with whom he had a quarrel. Wren had observed that Prance did not sleep at home while Godfrey

was missing. Mr. Pollock says that Prance was accused by his landlord, and that he had slept out *before* Godfrey's disappearance, as Bishop Burnet, writing long afterwards, declares. But Prance himself, on the day of his arrest (Saturday, December 21, 1678), said that 'he can bring his own servants to witness that he never lay out of his own house the last two years but those three nights that Sir E. Godfrey was missing,' a statement which he also contradicted.¹

A deposition against Prance by Elizabeth Dakins (his servant?) was taken, but we are not told what it contained.² Prance himself declared (December 30) that he was 'surprised,' not by his landlord, but by an unfriendly lodger.³ It is suspicious that Prance 'lay out' on these nights, and he wavered on other points. He denied that he knew Le Fevre; so did Mrs. Prance, but presently confessed that she did know him.

What ruined Prance was that Bedloe, coming on him in custody in the House of Commons, on the day of his arrest, vowed that he was the 'chapel-waiter,' or 'chapel-keeper,' or 'man in the purple gown,' or 'man whom he saw often in the Queen's chapel,' who had been present when he himself saw the corpse of Godfrey in Somerset House. But then he wore a periwig. Bedloe, in fact, as he originally swore, never saw Godfrey's dead body at all. The circumstances in which he recognised Prance are variously given. Prance was in the custody of a constable. Oates had asked to see him, Bedloe says, and yet pretends that he recognised him *without knowing that he was in custody*, though he avers that the constable said 'Mr. Prance, will you see Mr. Bedloe?'⁴

Bedloe then asserted that he had seen Prance at the dark lantern incident, 'but he was then in a periwig.' The motive for introducing the periwig is obvious. Prance might have an alibi; Bedloe, like Oates in another instance, might then say that the absence, at the recognition, of a periwig, and the badness of the light of the dark lantern (to which he had already sworn in the case of Atkins), had led him into a natural error. Bedloe was absolutely safe in his recognition of Prance, already in custody. He vowed that Prance was the person whom he had described as

¹ *Hist. MSS. Commission*, xi., Appendix, Part ii. p. 51.

² *Loc. cit.* p. 52.

³ *State Papers, Domestic*, Charles II., Bundle 408.

⁴ *State Trials*, vii. 182, 183.

'a man in a purple gown,' 'the chapel-keeper,' 'the youngest waiter,' though Prance answered to no such description. Yet, on Mr. Pollock's theory, Prance had been described to Bedloe, by the Jesuits, as their fellow-murderer. If so, they described him wrongly. Yet Bedloe recognised him. This was enough. Prance was thrown into the freezing and filthy 'condemned hole' of Newgate.

Two nights of that brought him, on December 23, to offer a confession, if assured, as he was, of pardon. To the Lords, and to the Privy Council, he told a tale coherent save in dates. This was easy. He knew the nature of Godfrey's injuries, he knew that Bedloe had named Somerset House as the scene of the deed, he knew the house itself, he knew that Bedloe swore to having seen him there, in the incident of the dark lantern. All these points he embodied in his story. What else Bedloe had said, as to motive, actors, hour, actual place of the crime, and other details, Prance, to all appearance, did not know. In all these he varied from Bedloe.

Mr. Pollock argues that Prance denounced two priests, and three innocent laymen (as he did), to shield the real criminals, the Jesuits accused by Bedloe. But how was Prance to know whom Bedloe had accused? If Bedloe had spoken truth, and if Prance was guilty, then Prance knew of the guilt of the Jesuits, but not otherwise. We cannot beg the questions of the liar's truth and of the silversmith's guilt. Again, Mr. Pollock argues that Prance was 'one of the most acute and ingenious of the Jesuit agents,' yet that he was too stupid, too cold, and too alarmed to invent a coherent and detailed confession. Yet Mr. Pollock avers that many of the details, as to the actors, as to a room where the body was laid, and as to the manner of its removal, are entirely false. If a man was too dull, frightened, and cold to invent a story, how could he also be acute enough to dove-tail into his facts an elegant mosaic of fiction? As Prance confessedly did all this, he was very capable, from the information of various kinds at his disposal, of inventing his confession as a whole. It is needless to give his story at length. Briefly, two priests, not Jesuits, led him into the crime. Green, a 'cushion layer' in the Queen's chapel, Hill, the servant of Dr. Gauden, and an Irishman, executed it. They dogged Godfrey all Saturday till nine o'clock at night, but where Godfrey was before nine, even the inventive Prance did not pretend to know. They then lured him into

Somerset Yard, Green strangled him, knelt on his breast, and dislocated his neck, behind a bench. Prance and Berry, the Queen's porter, kept watch. Prance never noticed (this he repeatedly declared) whether there were any guards and sentries or not!

The body was removed from room to room. As to one of these rooms Prance admittedly lied; another he never could find—the room where Bedloe and he saw the body under a dark lantern. As to Bedloe's presence then, he said nothing. His account of the final removal of the body in a sedan chair, through the upper gate, watched as it was by a sentry, was (admittedly) false.

Two days after confessing, Prance was taken, at his request, to the King. He knelt, and recanted all, before witnesses. Hurried back to prison, he withdrew his recantation. He withdrew his withdrawal; he and his victims were all innocent, he said. For many days he endured the darkness, filth, heavy irons, and bitter cold of the condemned cell. He was taken before King and Council on December 30. He was obdurate. The Lord Chancellor called out 'Have him to have the Racke, &c.'¹ He may not have had the rack, but he endured cold so extreme that the Dean of St. Asaph's found him pulseless and speechless. The Dean got fire and a bed, and the wretch returned to his original confession. In February 1679, Berry, Hill, and Green were tried, and condemned, on the contradictory evidence of Prance and Bedloe. Bedloe's various earlier contradictory evidences were not allowed to be brought forward, but Prance was allowed to destroy a favourable witness's testimony, by averring that she had spoken otherwise before the Duke of Mornmouth. Injustice could go no further.

The witnesses for the defence were bullied and insulted by Lord Chief Justice Scroggs. The evidence of the sentries was lightly dismissed. The three innocents were hanged, protesting their freedom from guilt. Prance became a professional perjurer, like Oates and Bedloe. Under James II., he pleaded guilty to a charge of perjury. He fled the country at the Revolution of 1688-1689.

The evidence, then, that Jesuits murdered Godfrey rests on the word of the least consistent of liars, Bedloe, and on the theory that he recognised Prance by virtue of the description of a lay murderer, given to him by the other villains, the homicidal Jesuits. There is

¹ *State Papers, Domestic*, Charles II., Bundle 408.

also the theory that the 'dangerous secret' mentioned by Godfrey to Wynell was a Jesuit secret. But we have no evidence, except Wynell's, that Godfrey had a secret, and Mr. Pollock disparages Wynell's testimony on other points. Moreover, according to Wynell, Godfrey had 'security' of a kind which had no bearing on a dangerous *Catholic* secret.

There remain the assertions that Dugdale, the Staffordshire perjurer, spoke, in the country, of the murder of 'a knight,' or a 'Justice of Westminster,' on Monday 14, and October 15, 1678, when Godfrey's body had not been found. Dugdale, however, did not mention this till after the trial of Green, Berry, and Hill, when the point was suggested to him by a Mr. Chetwyn, who had heard a Mr. Sawbridge say that he had heard Dugdale speak of the murder in the country, before it was known in town. Sawbridge, on oath, denied that he had heard Dugdale, so did the Rev. Mr. Wilson, when appealed to by Dugdale. Other witnesses, however, supported Dugdale, in 1680. His story now was that Evers, a Jesuit, told him, in Staffordshire, of the murder, on Monday, October 14, having been informed by a letter from Harcourt, a London Jesuit, of October 12, the night of Godfrey's vanishing. If we believed Dugdale, this would bring home guilty knowledge to Harcourt. But in 1681 it was asserted, and in 1687 L'Estrange brought much evidence to prove, that the rumour of Godfrey's murder was all over town on the day of his disappearance, and so could have been mentioned in a London letter of that evening. Wynell was one of several witnesses to this early existence of the rumour. Harcourt may have mentioned it in a letter to Evers, Evers may have told Dugdale, who may have spread the story, and yet Harcourt may have had no guilty knowledge.

Such is the case against and for the innocence of the Jesuits. I think that, however Godfrey came by his death, the testimony against the Jesuits would not suffice to raise a presumption against a cat accused of stealing cream.

Was Prance engaged in the murder? He was thrown into the condemned cell, and frozen into a confession, without any opportunity of calling witnesses to prove what he had been doing on the night of the fatal day. If we had Elizabeth Dakins's deposition, we might know more. The detailed and consistent nature of Prance's story of the murder is damaged by the certainty that much of it is false. Again, he suffered horribly for long, before he recanted his recantation. Prance did not know where

Godfrey was all the afternoon. He said that Sir Edmund was 'dogged into Red Lion Fields and those by Holborn,' and so, about 7 o'clock to St. Clement's, but where in St. Clement's he knew not. Godfrey must have been recognised in these places if he was there. Why did he neither dine at home—close to his own house he was seen at dinner time—nor with Mr. Welden (where Mr. Wynell expected to meet him, to talk about a sale of house property), or anywhere else? It seems he had no appetite. If he did dine it was probably with his murderers. I do not think that Godfrey was alive by five o'clock on that Saturday afternoon. But for the surgical evidence, which one surgeon withdrew, in 1687, we might feel fairly certain that Godfrey died in the ditch by his own hand, maddened by his confessed apprehensions, and yielding to his hereditary melancholia. But the surgical evidence stands in the way of this conclusion. The mystery remains unsolved.

PROSPECTS IN THE PROFESSIONS.

XII. THE ARTIST.

THE definition of an artist has of late extended to so many performers in different walks of life—for instance, even to one who struts the music-hall stage—that a necessary preliminary to writing of the profession is a limitation of the area beyond which we shall not travel.

The Royal Academy of Arts has during recent years confined its recognition, so far as election to its ranks is concerned, to a very few branches of art, namely, to painters in oils, sculptors, and architects, and to the male sex only. In rare instances in the past it has elected engravers, miniaturists, and women; but it has never honoured painters in water-colours, etchers, workers in black and white, medallists, or painters in enamel, although, by a curious inconsistency, it invites all of these to take part in its exhibitions.

The Academy's list, it will be noted, includes some walks in art that are either in disuse or so little practised that we need not discuss them. It also includes one—that of architecture—the practice of which is upon an altogether different basis from that of an artist, and which would of itself provide sufficient material for an article. We propose, therefore, to omit all notice of architecture or of these abandoned arts, and to take as coming within the purview of our paper painters in oil- and water-colours, sculptors, engravers and etchers, and workers in black and white.

Art differs from what may be called *the* professions—that is, the Church, Army and Navy, Law, and Medicine—in that there are no legal formalities to hinder its practice by anybody who chooses, no qualifying examinations, no period of enforced study, no degrees or diplomas, and, consequently, no tests whatever of personal fitness. A tiro who has never had a picture hung at any exhibition (whatever may be its degree of mediocrity) can yet pose as an artist, and endeavour to make a living out of its profession. And what applies to the male applies equally to the female, against whose assumption of the title and practising thereunder there is no bar, as in most of 'the professions.'

Instruction in art can be obtained absolutely without cost, either at the Government or the Academy schools (the material used being the only outlay), and neither preferment depends upon, nor stigma attaches in the slightest degree to, the school at which, or the method by which, training has been obtained. Prizes of a substantial character await the clever student, should he care to compete for them.

Such a royal road, such an open field, naturally has its advantages and disadvantages. It has, undoubtedly, resulted in flooding the profession with a vast number of persons who would be much more profitably employed, both for their own and the community's good, either in the humbler walks of art or in some other industry. State-aided art training, at its inception, was never intended to be utilised, as it now is, mainly for the furtherance of the graphic arts. It originated, as did the South Kensington Museum, to which it was so long attached, from the desire to create art craftsmen, and to aid the industrial side of art.

The profession, therefore, has these almost unique advantages : namely, that it may be entered upon without any outlay for tuition, at any time of life, with no age limit at the start, and with a very small expenditure for installation. Its practice can be continuous or intermittent ; for no one holds its professors to any regularity whether of hours or days, but usually expects the reverse. Neither business habits nor business knowledge is a *sine quâ non*, for the public accepts their absence with equanimity, although, usually, both are looked for from whomsoever the artist has to deal with. There is no etiquette in the profession, as in law or medicine. An artist can, at his will, alternate between oil and water-colours, sculpture, or engraving, and be, as some are, a jack of all trades and master of none.

Unlike any other profession in these matters, it differs from them in its probabilities of success. Most of those who have treated of the other professions of which a consideration has preceded this paper are agreed that at least a subsistence is possible in them from the start. In art there is no such certainty. There are no helpful stopgaps, such as curacies, clerkships, or lecture-ships, whilst waiting for better things in the artistic profession. There are also terrible chances of undeserved ill-fortune, which may, in a moment, mar a year's or even a life's work. Again, work has, in the majority of cases, to be undertaken on the possibility of finding a market—a very different matter, and much

more wearing than work which is commissioned before it is produced.

Yet another feature distinguishes Art from any other career, namely, that it is almost imperative that until fame is won it must be passed in a great city. There are, of course, exceptions to the rule, where painters have lived in country places and attracted to themselves a local connection; but these are rare. There are also certain localities, such as Newlyn or Bushey, where artists, attracted, in the first instance, by the local beauties, or by some local teacher, have formed colonies and developed a school; but a life at such places is very apt, unless the student has considerable individuality, to stamp him with the particular style affected by the locality.

As to the rewards and the markets which await the artist, there is no state aid for living art, as there is in practically every other country of the art standing of Great Britain. It is true that the sum voted for the National Gallery every year includes an amount for the purchase of works of art; but the trustees to whom its disposal is entrusted have, we believe, never as yet backed their opinion by the acquisition of a work by a living artist, but have always waited until his post-mortem reputation has been so established by outside opinion that they have had to pay a very much enhanced price for an example of his work.

Nor can the British artist look for much assistance from Royalty. Commissions for practically everything—medals, portraits, Coronation pictures—are handed over to foreigners—Austrians, Germans, Americans, or Italians. The most extraordinary instance of this is the post of Marine Painter; for if there is any phase of art in which the British school excels, it is in sea painting. Yet the holder is an Italian, and, as such, travels in the Royal retinue, raising in the minds of foreigners the natural inference that there is no painter of English birth who is properly qualified for the post.

Nor is there any certainty of assistance from the British public, which is fickleness itself, going like a flock of sheep wherever anyone drives them. As the artist knows to his cost, the direction has of late not been in that of buying the works of him and his contemporaries. Whilst eight thousand guineas is not thought too much to pay for a hole-riddled canvas which has absolutely perished from decay and neglect, and which when

restored will present but few fragments of the original deceased master's work, a picture by a living artist, who in the future may attain to equal rank, is passed by at a price not exceeding the odd shillings of the guineas.

Again, the well-to-do person with house-room for pictures has succumbed to the wiles of the decorator. He is no longer master of the wall-spaces of his house. The artist decorator has taken it out of his hands. The decorator's object is the expenditure of as much as possible on the materials that he provides, which naturally, in his view, would be spoilt if covered with pictures; so he splits the walls up into panels, covers them with expensive stuffs, and places in the centre of each a wall light. Thus he reduces each room to a level of dull monotony which will probably outlast the tenant's tenure. Should he admit pictures, they must be 'old masters' of his own providing, to suit the surroundings.

A quarter of a century ago things were infinitely brighter for the artist. The provincial cities were founding galleries, at which they held large exhibitions of modern art, and from which they acquired pictures to a very appreciable amount. Merchant princes not only assisted by purchases and gifts, but were building and filling galleries for themselves. The Colonies were opening national galleries and voting large annual sums for the purchase of modern art.

All this has changed. The provincial galleries are practically full, the millionaires are spending their money on other forms of art, and the Colonies have had to curtail their Budgets and their votes.

Nor can the artist rely on reward or assistance from the principal institution that directs his profession. On the contrary, his chances of success are (save in the case of seventy favoured ones) every year dependent on his work meeting with the approval of a continually changing body of his fellows. As a young man, and, in the majority of cases, throughout his whole life, his only opportunity to show what he can do is at the Royal Academy. Every year he produces his work under the paralysing conditions that it will have to be submitted to the approval of a jury the composition of which he cannot gauge, under conditions which may bring it up for judgment between two jarring companions, or before a body tired and irritated at the close of a long day, fagged out after an inspection of thousands of canvases. The jury may consist, by

the chances of rotation, of a body of men entirely out of sympathy with the method of painting or the sentiment which created his work. Even then the opposing chances are not at an end. It only obtains a place on the walls after the Academicians have found room for their own pictures, which are hung by right; and it may fall into the hands of someone who, being altogether out of accord with it, may place it in a position where it would have been better unhung.

The cruelty of this state of affairs does not end here. Should an unsympathetic jury return the artist's work, or sky it, he is practically debarred from showing it at local exhibitions unless he pays for a place on their walls.

The irony of the whole matter lies in the fact that this killing condition of things, which could be put an end to by a stroke of the pen admitting all those who have passed the jury a certain number of times to a place on the walls, is continued from year to year by a body of men who have themselves passed through years of its distress, worry, and humiliation, and is in vogue only in this enlightened country of ours.

It is, however, only on a par with many other drawbacks to the artist's making a living out of his profession which are perpetuated at the Royal Academy exhibition, and which are too well known and too numerous to cite here.

From the foregoing it will be surmised that the writer's opinion is distinctly adverse to anybody taking up art as a profession.

It certainly is when the step is to be taken merely with a view to a livelihood and as a commercial speculation, in like manner as the pursuit of law, or medicine, might be entered upon. But if a youth has a decided leaning towards the calling, such as should be the case in entering the Church, and shows a talent in its direction (a fact which must be ascertained by professional, and not home opinion), or is determined to take it up, then it is advisable not only for his friends to give in, but to assist in furthering it by a good education, by fostering enthusiasm, and by inculcating frugal business habits.

Supposing, then, that in full view of the hazardous outlook a parent should determine to risk his son's or daughter's future, and make him or her an artist, what are the varied means of education which present themselves?

First, the State-aided curriculum provided by the Board of

Education. This is provided through some 250 schools of art and 1,600 art classes scattered all over the country, and to those who seek instruction outside London this is the readiest, and in many cases the only, means. But as it is hardly probable that any reader of this article would care to limit his son's education to this, it is needless to go into details.¹

As a finishing school to this lower grade of State instruction comes the Royal College of Art, South Kensington, also under the Board of Education. This, whilst primarily intended for training teachers, and students selected in the examinations of the schools of art, yet admits other students on payment of fees, the number being limited to 150. Entrance is by a test examination, and the fees are 12*l.* 10*s.* a term, there being two terms in the year. An Associateship is granted after a period of study and on examination. This is practically the only art degree in existence.

There is also the Slade School at University College, and numerous private schools, such as Professor Herkomer's at Bushey (which has the advantage of a simple country life), and others in London, some of which make a speciality of certain branches, such as Mr. Calderon's animal classes.

It has been the fashion to decry an English training, and to advocate the superiority of a course in a Parisian *atelier*, just as fifty years ago Leighton and those of his generation must needs go to Rome. There is not only no need for this, but there are many dangers arising out of it. The successful artist of the future will not be the Bohemian of the past, but a man of delicate and refined sentiments and of good education. More harm has been done to the cause of British art by the movement which sent its students to study 'impressionism' in Paris than the artists wot of or will admit. It has filled the Academy with large, unsaleable pictures, ill-drawn, ill-composed, and without subject.

We have left to the last the principal training school for artists, namely, that of the Royal Academy; but it is to this that an English boy or girl should certainly go for his education. There he will obtain not only the best education that can be given, absolutely free of cost, but he will have the benefit of pitting his strength against those of his own race. Cheek by jowl with him will be those who will compete with him in his profession for the whole of his life. From the works of those more talented than

¹ Particulars can be obtained on application to the Secretary of the Board of Education (Art), South Kensington, London.

himself he will derive the benefit of comparison and emulation; from that of others, warning and encouragement. It is true that he will have a diversity of advice from his masters. But even this may be a blessing in disguise, for he will see in how many different ways his predecessors have looked at art, and, if he have the talent we imagine him to have, he will be able to winnow what he considers the good from the bad. He will be under the tuition of those who have themselves had their salad days, and who will sympathise with and aid any serious searching after truth they may see in him.

Space will not permit of our following him through the five years, or whatever length of time he can afford to stay there. We must assume him to have come out of the curriculum properly qualified to embark on his profession.

How should he set about it, and in what directions are there the most reasonable hopes of success?

His first step should be to take a studio. An opinion obtains in the unprofessional mind that this is not a necessity. It is known that the finest pictures the world has produced were probably painted in ordinary living-rooms without top or north lights. Why, then, should the artist burden himself at the outset with a dead rent which will not be less than 50*l.*, and may be double that amount, a year? A water-colour painter without doubt might, very much oftener than he does, dispense with a studio, but the painter in oils must have a room sufficiently large to pose his model properly and to get away from his picture; a studio where the aspirant will start with a feeling that he now has nothing to handicap him, that he has elbow-room, and that if he does not do good work he has no one to blame but himself—self-encouragement, in fact, of a kind that cannot but be beneficial. The studio should be in a get-at-able position. Many an artist fails to get his clients to see his pictures owing to his inaccessibility. A poorer light and higher rent will be often more than counterbalanced by a single visit from a patron who can only spare the time denominated by 'a shilling cab fare.'

But having a studio, let the expenses end there. There is no need to fill it with senseless *bric-à-brac*, which generally only impresses the visitor with an opinion of its owner having been deceived, or having little perception or taste. Then, if possible, let the room be kept swept and tidy, and its scanty furniture have an air that the tenant is a man of culture and refinement.

Opinions altogether the reverse of this are so often formed at the very first sight of many studios. The painter, before receiving a patron, often spends much time in considering how to show off his picture to the best advantage, and none in attending to minor matters, whose presence or absence may undo any benefit his placing the picture may have caused him. Those who visited Leighton's studio will never forget how the apparently carelessly disposed bibelot, or thrust-aside volume, from a perusal of which he had presumably just arisen, impressed the entrant at once as being in the presence of a man of taste, refinement, and letters. A tithe of the money that is wasted on some garish piece of studio furniture may, if judiciously spent on a few volumes, return its cost a hundredfold. We do not want the artist to pose as a humbug. No; let him exchange the morning half-hour with his pipe and his newspaper for a half-hour with his pipe and an English classic, and he will find much recompense; for not only will he have another source—namely, a knowledge of literature—whereby to impress his patron, who is usually not a man of letters, but he will find therein many a subject which he might perpetuate on canvas to his benefit.

And now, having the studio, can any advice be given as to what class of pictures have the best chance of success? Yes. First, those moderate in size. A dealer once said that he attributed his success to never buying a picture that could not be carried under the arm; and undoubtedly every foot that is added by an artist to his canvas decreases the number of persons whose rooms can house it. It is unfortunately true that the Academy and other exhibitions compel pictures to be of an absurdly large scale, and that small pictures suffer in hanging and visibility; but as the bad times continue reforms in this direction must be effected. The present fashion of painting large full-length portraits is a cut-throat policy for both producer and purchaser. The former does away with any chance of future orders by filling his customer's wall-space; the latter obtains a portrait painted as to three parts in the loosest and sketchiest manner.

Next, care must be bestowed upon the composition, drawing, and subject of the picture. Space will not allow of discussing this at length, but depend upon it a picture has ten times the chance of sale if it shows that thought and labour have been spent upon it. As regards *subject*, at the present time the Exhibitions are absolutely bare of subject pictures, although the

publishers are prepared to spend thousands upon them. The painters, imagining that they are out of fashion, will produce none of them.

It would appear as foolishness to urge that the quest of beauty must always have a better chance of securing approbation than that of ugliness, but the majority of painters have altogether overlooked that fact. The fallacy is so deep-rooted just now that the President of the Royal Academy had to warn his students against it in the most emphatic language at the last prize distribution : ' When (he said) we saw beauty, character, form, design, invention, poetry, story, expression, he might almost say humanity, ignored in a work of art, and certain qualities of mere method exalted—when we saw the human form and face were merely made the vehicle for an exhibition of the artist's skill in the lower forms of art, accompanied as it often was by an apparently voluntary degradation of all that was noble in man and nature, we felt ourselves at a loss for any expression which would classify such work in the domain of art.' Again, energy *must* be displayed in finding and painting subjects which will attract a buyer's attention and interest him, and not, as they often do, amuse him by their grotesqueness or enrage him by their stupidity. It is said that the dearth of subject pictures of all kinds is due to the world's supply having been exhausted. Who that reads poetry, history, or fiction, or the comedies or tragedies of real life, credits such an assertion ? On the contrary, is not one constantly being arrested by a situation, so that one exclaims, ' What a subject for a picture ' ? The landscapist, again, contends that Nature is used up. So it is for those who year after year go to the same locality and paint the same scenes, even introducing the same adjuncts and time-worn models of boats, fishermen, and conventional foregrounds ; or, still worse, for those who serve up, again and again, a *réchauffé* of sketches done, perhaps, a quarter of a century ago, upon an isolated journey to foreign parts. But does anyone who journeys afield, if only in the British Isles, believe that either the landscape or its varied effects are exhausted ? An instance from recent experience will suffice. The other day the writer was on a well-known salmon river in Scotland. At every turn was a picture, and every pool was the haunt of a fisherman. Here was a source of wealth for one who would take the trouble to paint portraits of the forty miles of stream, for here come, year after year, a constantly changing throng of the richest sportsmen in England and America, who would readily

acquire, in many cases be thankful to have, a memorial of never-to-be-forgotten halcyon days with the rod. Yet no one had ever seen a picture of that river, nor any artist who had ever wandered there.

The title of a picture is a matter about which an artist might concern himself more than he does. Experience has shown that in many a case a happy title has been the means of a picture being sold, and in a 'one-man' landscape show a day spent in hunting through the poets for felicitous quotations was the cause, so the artist asserted, of the exhibition being practically sold out. It is too much the fashion to consider the title as beneath serious consideration; the picture must speak for itself, and the public must be satisfied with 'A Note in Brown' or 'A Harmony in Grey,' titles which were befitting to the themes of a well-known painter by whom they were invented, but which only induce a smile when tacked on to the productions of his imitators.

Again, there is that most important of all matters—the question of price. A student just out of the schools too often forgets that he has to establish his reputation, and that he is still regarded by the world at large as a young man, and yet he does not hesitate to ask for a couple of months' work a sum which few men of his own age and rank get for their year's work in other walks of life. He is, we admit, the perpetrator of a most pernicious system—a system that is answerable for the present depression—by which an artist expects to earn for very mediocre performances three times the annual income which his brothers in other professions—the doctor, parson, and lawyer—do. But in the future, if he is to succeed, he must abandon this idea. If, as he must do, he lives at first a frugal life, let him be content with a price which will enable him to live, and he will reap the benefit from it. Moderation in both size and price—that is the text which he should inscribe over his door: portraits, for instance, thirty instead of seventy inches high, and at 50*l.* instead of 200*l.* apiece, for which there is a steady demand, as no one condescends to paint them.

There are also other branches of art for those less ambitiously disposed, or by which painting may be supplemented.

For instance, there is at present an absolute lack of British engravers and etchers. The old style of mezzotint has come in again, and there is room for three times the number of those who now practise it. The only condition of success is that the engraver must have some artistic perception, and not lapse into a mere copying machine.

Again, there is the same need for qualified drawing-masters, especially in water-colours. A generation ago, when there was not a tithe of the amateurs requiring instruction, no one was ashamed to add to his income by instruction; now, if an artist does so, he talks of it with bated breath. But there is no surer way to earning a livelihood for a man of fair presence and education. If such he be, the income does not end with the fee he receives for his lessons, but is augmented by an ever-enlarging list of purchasers of his pictures.

There is also the enormous field of black and white, which provides a living wage for many a man, and enables him to hold on through the long years that may have to pass before success comes. Lower in the scale is the demand, never yet met by the supply, for workers in more mechanical industries, where an art aptitude makes all the difference between wages of seventy and two hundred and fifty pounds a year, and in every one of which there are posts that exertion will obtain worth two or three times that amount.

With all these drawbacks the artist's life is one to be envied. If healthily pursued it is a most delightful one. He should live in the presence of beauty of form and colour, and his time be spent in experimenting upon the idealisation of both. If a landscape painter, he may limn the seasons wherever he pleases—a spring in England, a summer on the French sea-coast, an autumn in Venice, a winter in Egypt. With increasing education he extracts from Nature similar delights of form and colour as his brother-recorder of the human form—delights that are denied to the ordinary beholder. All his life, too, is passed, or should be, in producing work that will be a pleasure to and an education for his fellow-creatures. And what opportunities he has of handing down an honoured name to posterity! The works of a great divine or learned physician may be remembered in future years by a select few of his profession, but the artist shares with the poet and the musician, even, perhaps, to a greater degree than either of them, the chance of putting on to canvas scenes which will be the admiration and delight of countless thousands for centuries of time. Herein lies a hope of reward which counterbalances much that appears to be more desirable in other professions.

THE FOUNDLING.

BY F. T. BULLEN.

JOHN MORRIS of Birkenhead went to sea in 1848 as deck boy on board the fine old East Indiaman *British Sovereign*, bound to Calcutta. It could not be said of him that he was an interesting personality—just an ordinary boy, one of a large family whose several mouths were hard to fill; a boy who felt that the sooner he learned how to fill his own mouth the better for all concerned; a quiet self-contained boy who made up his mind that the sea offered the most eligible opening for him, and, having done so, calmly made his way on board of the nearest ship and offered his services. They were accepted—at five shillings a month wage—such things being easy in those days while almost impossible now, and ten days after he was outward-bound, busily learning his new profession, while his father and mother were wondering what had become of him, not too severely, for there were thirteen left to wonder over—that is, how to keep them alive. John never enlightened them; dimly he felt that he had done his part in freeing them from the burden of his upkeep, and then dismissed the subject from his mind, or what served him in lieu of a mind. ‘Unnatural brute!’ I fancy some indignant reader saying. Pardon me, gentle sir or madam, you cannot gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles. That is orthodox theology from the highest source: it is also common sense. John Morris knew naught of the finer humanities; from his earliest consciousness he saw that the battle of life demanded all his energies, that selfishness was a power beyond all others within his ken, and that the best thing anyone could do was to look out for himself. At least that was the immediate result of his upbringing, if one may dignify the scramble by so stately and cumbrous a part of speech.

John Morris was favoured by Nature with several qualities that make for success in the battle of life up to a certain point, unless the accident intervenes which makes of such men millionaires. He was stubborn as a mule, quick to learn, (the two things are not really antagonistic, as generally supposed,) sturdy in body, keeping his own counsel, and took the greatest delight of his life, which boasted few pleasures, in seeing his work well done. If he swept a deck he loved to see it perfectly dust-free; if he

tarred a shroud, a 'holiday' unobserved by the mate would send him painfully and stickily aloft after dark to cover it; and if he were sent to splice a rope, the nearer it approached—the splice, I mean—to what the original rope was before breaking, the greater his delight. Of sentiment he had no trace. The gorgeous pageantry of sky and sea all round the world never made him puff at his pipe a breath quicker, and the simple tunes sung in the dog-watch, which made men choke and sniff, left his withers entirely unwrung.

So he grew up to be the highest expression of a British sailor-man, an A.B. worth any money, but in nowise to be paid more than the current rate. He seldom sailed in the same ship two voyages in succession, being like most sailors a lover of change, and although he was often offered a bosun's berth, he always refused it with scorn, being one of the type of men who fear responsibility of any kind, and therefore make many protestations that they do not want it. But his influence for good, as far as his business went, was incalculable. Hundreds and hundreds of young seamen owed their training to him, for while as unsociable as can possibly be imagined, he did take a sombre delight in teaching all he knew of sea-lore, as much delight as he would have felt disgust had any man beaten him in the race for the weather earing of a topsail to be reefed in a gale of wind. At night in his watch on deck, when neither wheel nor look-out claimed him, he would sit steadily smoking and apparently thinking (I don't believe he was thinking at all), but never saying a word except in answer to a question, and then only in a deep monosyllabic growl. When he reached London, for which port he always made, whatever his port of discharge, he leisurely packed his 'donkey,' his bag, and his bed, and when all his shipmates had cleared out in tow of some of the innumerable sharks which used to infest the docks, he would saunter out, hire a four-wheeled cab and drive leisurely down to his old boarding-house mistress in Cable Street, where, no matter what the pressure of business, room was always found for him.

His life ashore was a compromise between the godly seaman's who goes home and returns to sea when his money is done, and the rapscallion whose diversions in the Highway and its environs have scandalised so many tender-hearted people. He had a favourite pub. where he took his rum and water sedately; at stated intervals he disappeared, returning as if he had only been five minutes away, but he was never seen drunk. He never owed a

penny to anybody, and in consequence no man (or woman) asked him any inconvenient questions. So he came and went from and to the uttermost ends of the earth, passing through wilder, stranger happenings than have been or will be told in books, and burying them in his bosom, never saying a word about them to any.

At forty-five years of age those who admired and watched him, themselves unnoticed, saw that he became addicted more and more to frequenting the galley in his various ships, and that to cooks he unbent as he had never unbent before. All sorts of conclusions were arrived at but the right one, which was that John, beginning to feel the drag of the years at his loins, was casting about for some way of lengthening his career at sea. He had saved—at who knows what sacrifice of rough pleasures, from his pitiful pay—some 300*l.*, quite unknown to any but himself and the authorities at the savings' bank. But he knew how short a distance on life's way that would go, and so was securing, as far as his limited business intelligence knew how, his future against that awful bugbear of the sailor—the workhouse. As I have before noted, he was a man of great tenacity of purpose—stubborn as a mule, I called it—but as we grow older we are apt to modify our youthful and crude definitions; and so to those who knew him there was little wonder in his appearing a voyage later as a full-fledged cook. He was no worse than the ordinary sailor's cook of those days, nay, rather better, since his life-long habit of neatness and cleanness clung to him, and these be virtues pre-eminently desiderated in the galley. To none did he confide the grim fact that his change had been mainly due to a premonition of failure in his back, a searing pain across his shoulders as he sprang to his work, a disinclination to 'rise to the occasion.' Good folks whose future is assured, spare of your charity a thought to the man who, only able to live on his earnings, feels his sole capital, his life, waning and *cannot* economise.

However, John Morris became a cook, and as cooks go, or went, in the Mercantile Marine, a good one, not given to bragging over his past greatness or justifying every failure by some specious excuse. Him the crews loved, trusted, and excused, albeit he was no more companionable than ever. And so four not unhappy years passed, more pleasantly, he realised, than before, because of the all night in; with the lack of vigour to meet it the 'all hands' call had grown hateful. So John went slowly down the

slope of Eld, nor looked for aught but a snug harbour presently when the swiftly gliding years had brought him to the non-wage-earning point. His taciturnity gained him respect, for even at sea more than ashore the silent man gets credit for an abundance of wisdom he seldom possesses. What he thought of things in general no man knew—he was not even given to depreciating the present generation of seafarers by comparison with the past, a most uncommon virtue with old sailors. But one thing I feel must be explained before going any further—the reason why John Morris at forty-five years of age felt his powers failing so that he must needs seek a less exhausting employment. May I say at once that a foremast hand at forty is old. The commonplace hardships of the sea life are so severe that the fo'c'sle man cannot endure them long and retain his vigour. I bring no indictment against shipowners, not believing that it is possible to make the sailor's life what one would like it to be, and pay dividends. But it is only necessary to see how hale, vigorous and long-lived sailors become after rising to be officers, providing they are careful men, to understand that there must be something radically wrong in the conditions of the 'common' sailor's life at sea.

Enough however of preliminary description of John Morris. One never-to-be-forgotten voyage, in his forty-ninth year, he returned from the Chincha Islands after a round trip of fourteen months with a pay-day of 70*l.*, augmented by the sale of his slush to 85*l.*, and his grim face looked as nearly pleasant as it possibly could when he stepped out of Tower Hill shipping office into the bitter gloom of a November evening, as he remembered that his little hoard now totalled nearly 500*l.*, unknown to all but himself and the bank people. Straight down the Highway he fared, unheeding the blandishments of either sex, quick to discern a homeward-bounder, and turned up Wells Street, full of, for him, pleasant thoughts. By this time it was quite dark, apart from the foul fog, which clung clammy to the palate, and seemed to invite the perpetration of evil deeds. Proceeding warily, and keenly alive to the possibility of felonious assault, John suddenly stumbled over a large parcel on the pavement, from which at the impact a thin wail arose. In after years John often recalled how that feeble cry permeated his whole being with a sharp yet not altogether painful sensation. He stopped, stooped, raised the bundle, felt it move, and now, fully alive to its meaning, hurried to his lodgings, narrowly escaping assault by prowling natives several times on his

journey. He reached his goal almost exhausted, for the last five hundred yards or so filled him with strange dread lest the life at his breast should be quenched ere he arrived at a place of shelter for it. Handing it to his landlady, he gasped: 'Look out for it, it's a kid; must be nearly dead; found it on the pavement in Wells Street; be quick.' She was quick. In two minutes she disclosed, freed from its wrapping, a sweet-faced baby girl of about eight months, well-nourished and clean, but poorly clad, and with no clue as to its origin.

John watched with hungry eyes the deft movements of his old landlady as she cared for the waif; he felt in every fibre of his being the potency of that helpless wail which arose; his heart thumped furiously, his throat felt choked up, and dimly the other half of his brain wondered why. All unconsciously he had met with the satisfaction for the fierce need of his soul, but he did not know this. How could he? With an eagerness marvellous to behold in contrast with his normal stolidity, he superintended every detail of his landlady's dealing with the waif, much to the old lady's secret amusement.

'An' what are ye goin' to do with her?' said the old lady that night when 'she' had been finally relegated to a tiny improvised nest in the landlady's room. To her intense amazement he replied without hesitation: 'I'm goin' t' keep her. She's the first bit o' bright 'at's come into my life, an' by — she's goin' t' stay there, if I can manage it.' So it was arranged. Money was no object. Mrs. Mex was to keep the baby and see it wanted for nothing during his absence; she was to spare no outlay to keep it clean, healthy, and happy, and if anybody made enquiries, they were to be given no answer. John had all his life been an honest man; indeed, he had few temptations to be otherwise; but the quaint laws of 'flotsam, jetsam, and lagan' had never appealed to him any more than do the Customs duties to the average man. It must also be remembered that his instincts were quite primitive, and that if he did right he did not know why. But all unknown to himself a force had come into his life which had changed its entire current. Hitherto his thoughts, his energies had been concentrated upon the little hoard which was to maintain him when he could no longer work, and no chord of affection in his heart had ever been touched. Now, that puling babe filled his horizon, and every desire of his heart was towards her, although this he himself hardly realised.

In due time he sailed again, having put in his allotted period ashore, according to the rule he had laid down. He was cook of the *Morialta*, bound for Adelaide, one of the famous wool-clippers of the bygone days, of whose speed sailors delight to yarn, and whose graceful shapes used to deck the wharves of Port Adelaide under the flag of Elder, Smith & Co. But his departure was attended with such pangs as he had never known before. A thousand times he reiterated his caution to Mrs. Mex. Silently and in secret he dropped tears, the first since his babyhood, on the face of the babe that held his heart-strings in her tiny clutch, and towing down the Thames was conscious of an entirely new set of sensations, one which he had scoffed at innumerable times before as being unworthy of a man. Also he became more companionable, especially with the married men, never giving his own secret away, but full of curious questions about their families, the ailments of children, the methods of their upbringing, &c., until he began to be looked upon as a man with a mania for children, and had to reply 'No' some thousands of times to the question as to whether he was a married man.

It would be a pleasant but perhaps (to others) not a very interesting task to trace him through the next ten years. As a psychological study in the development of a soul it would doubtless be useful, but not otherwise. For he had no adventures; his ships came and went with the utmost regularity, he never had a day's ill-health, nor did any troubles arise on board involving him. But his spells at home, always cut short at a month by the haunting fear of being without money, doubly potential now, were glimpses of Elysium. I wish that some of our base prophets and heralds of the innate depravity of all mankind could have seen John Morris, seafarer and intimate with every form of moral evil, without a touch of Christianity to leaven his humanity, carrying his Mary, as he had called the waif, as far afield as Hyde Park or Epping Forest, and providing for all her infantile needs. I can hardly trust myself to speak of the infinite love and tenderness lavished on that small sunny head by the hard, bitter old sea-cook. I can only sum it up by saying that, had she then died he would have fallen dead too, slain as if by a Mauser bullet by the reflex action of his tremendous love.

Thus, in the evening of his days, life became altogether changed for John Morris. Only he felt that gradually the partings from his wee Mary were becoming unbearable. Her crying at the dock-

head when his ships were towing out made him feel as if die he must, although he well knew how faithful was the ward kept by Mrs. Mex of Cable Street over his treasure. And gradually, hazily, there arose in his mind the skeleton of a scheme for securing as long as life might last what he felt would be the acme of human happiness. In his younger days he had been before the mast in some 'copra-men' from Sydney, sailing among the lovely islands of the Southern Seas in search of the oil-bearing fruit of the ripe coco-nut, pearl-shell, and *bêche de mer*. And on those voyages he had oftentimes seen lonely islets, uninhabited, yet capable of supporting a couple of families in comfort, owned by no one, ready for occupation. And he had often said to himself that thus would he end his days. With the sweet mellow sunshine filtering down through the lattice of green leaves above, with the lullaby of the swell melting upon the shore, with the ultramarine of the Pacific topped by the snow of the breakers lapping the reefs, and all created things content just to be or to cease being, so would he exist for his few remaining days. That there was another side to this idyllic picture never occurred to him. Nor would he have cared if it had.

Stronger and ever stronger there arose in his mind the prospect of a sojourn for life's autumn among these isles with his baby, just there to lie and let life ebb away. But when her future came to be considered he showed his human selfishness by shirking the question. However, his hand was forced. He came home from Calcutta one bitter February afternoon, and leaving his dunnage to be sent on after him, fled, as was his use, to the spot of all others on earth to him most dear. He reached the house panting with eagerness, like a young lover to embrace his mistress, flushed and excited for all his fifty-eight years. But the appearance of the mean dwelling struck him with a deeper chill than the raw wind moaning down the unlovely thoroughfare. In Mrs. Mex's time an air of neatness and cleanliness had always pervaded the house, spotless curtains at the narrow windows and cleanly whitened sills and doorstep showing how incessant was the war waged within against the grime of Shadwell. But now all looked dirty, neglected, and forlorn. The building echoed hollow to his furious knock, and in the silence which succeeded he could hear above the beating of his own heart the pitiful wailing of a child. It made him feel ready to tear down the wall, and he dealt another shower of blows with the knocker. His

hand had hardly left it when the door flew open, and a blowsy woman-thing with bare arms, unkempt hair, and flushed face confronted him. With a volley of oaths she began to demand his right to batter at her door so, but something in his eyes restrained her, and she allowed him to stride past her into the house, only muttering curses when he had gone. Straight to the familiar room he went, and there in squalor untellable, stench and filth, he found his treasure wasted almost to a skeleton and clad in a single horrible rag, while her skin was nearly black. He leapt at her like a madman, snatched her to his breast, the heart-shattering tears dropping hotly upon her face, while she clung to his bosom in an agony of love and relief from present trouble.

The storm passed, but he was changed. Never before had such an experience been his, and although faint shadows of fear that something of the kind would happen during one of his long absences had occasionally flitted over his placid mind, he never encouraged them and his mental horizon was soon clear again. Now, however, he felt that he could never part with Mary again. And for her sake he became astute, wary, business-like. Inwardly a volcano smouldered, but outwardly he was ice. Calling the woman he demanded an explanation, at the same time giving her fully to understand his right to have it. She told him with lying tears a maudlin story of poverty and sickness, how Mrs. Mex had died and left her, a sister of the good old woman, with a burden of debt, no lodgers, and the child to keep. She had struggled on for five months, but was proposing removal to the workhouse next week. And a little money now might, yes it would, put all straight, &c. John listened in silence, only clutching Mary tighter and sifting the grains of truth from the mountain of lying chaff quite easily. When she paused for breath, he said quietly, 'Go an' get some grub at once; here's five shillin's. But first of all, eggs and milk and bread.' She took the money, still snivelling, and with a twist to her mane, snatching up a frowsy shawl, disappeared. He sat on, the child sinking to sleep in his arms, conquering his disgust at the filth and the smell as sailors must. Patiently he waited till the woman reappeared, stinking of rum, but bringing the child's food.

Then dismissing the woman again for 'the rest of the arrants,' as she called it, he softly laid his darling down in his coat and busied himself preparing her a dainty little meal. As he had fully expected, the woman did not return—the fiery drink had

roused an unquenchable thirst, which had led her rapidly down the steep road which ends temporarily in the support of two stalwart policemen and a crowd of haggard wastrels as escort to the door of the police station. He meanwhile was happy. He fed his little one, saw her drop to sleep again, met his messenger at the door with his dunnage, and before bedtime was sitting in a clean lodging in the East India Dock Road, his darling, washed and wrapped in a snowy night-gown, sleeping peacefully in the next room, while he calmly ate an excellent meal and pondered over his plans for the immediate future. First of all, as to finance—he reckoned that his hoard now amounted to nearly 800*l.*, for he had since Mary's arrival been more frugal than ever, and had also been exceptionally fortunate in getting good ships for long steady voyages. A broken voyage he had never made. A passage to Sydney could certainly be worked if he should have to wait a month or so for it, and Mary's fare would be trifling. The thought of having her at sea with him made him choke again. Yes—it could be managed, and after? Well, he *knew* he could find out at Sydney, or if not there from Auckland, where the island of his dreams lay. And gleefully he calculated in his mind a list of necessities for their use while there. With a perfect pang of delight he anticipated his joy of at last, under skies of endless summer, having the perpetual company of the one being on earth he had ever loved—loved too with an affection as pure as his Maker's.

To many men the hindrances and unforeseen obstacles of the next six weeks would have proved fatal to the scheme. But John came of a dogged stock that, face to face with difficulties or even impossibilities, sets its teeth and pushes on, making no resolutions, feeling no special call but just the impossibility of giving up. And therefore it came to pass that the splendid *Romanoff*, towing down the river on the fifth of April for Sydney, had a happy cook in her galley, who kept slipping out of it, not to gaze upon the ever wondrous panorama of Father Thames gliding swiftly by, but to peer aft for a glimpse of a sweet little face framed in a tangle of brown hair. If he caught one as the child was tended by the motherly stewardess, his whole face lit up with a smile that transfigured it; if he did not he went doggedly back to his pots and pans and thought of the next glimpse.

Down as far as the latitude of Cape St. Roque the lovely clipper had a passage almost idyllic in its pleasantness. But then,

as she sailed into the Southern Winter, her good fortune seemed to leave her, and a terrible buffeting began which she felt as those fast ships always must do—we cannot combine the sea-kindliness of a lightship with the speed of a clipper. But she was built as all the ships of that wonderful line were, that is to say, with an incomparable fidelity and skill. So that beyond a few minor casualties, such as a derelict hencoop or so, a couple of broken legs and a dozen sails blown from the bolt-ropes, she was no worse. John, however, was filled with amazement. Never before in all his sea career had he cared to anticipate what might happen, and except for what he considered as personal comfort, it didn't matter to him what the weather was. It was all in the bargain. Now he flinched at every sea, he lay awake at night listening to the weird noises of the hands as they wrestled with the mighty sails far up in the dark night, and he felt his heart reaching out for some assurance of safety from a Higher Power. But that he did not understand. Compensation in some measure he did receive when in the second dog-watch during short spells of fine weather he brought Mary forward into the galley, and permitted a few of the better sort from among the hands to attend her levee. Even then he was jealous lest any of them should receive any of that love which he wanted all his, and nothing gave him greater pleasure than to see her, when one of the fellows held out his arms in invitation to her to come, shrink back and nestle closely under his arm, saying petulantly, 'I don't want you; want my dear daddy.'

Never surely did storm-beaten wanderer welcome with such deep delight the well-known points of the haven where he fain would be as did John when, the tempestuous passage over, the *Romanoff* entered the Heads of Port Jackson and was towed peacefully to the well-known White Star berth on the starboard hand entering Circular Quay. His duties ceasing as soon as she was moored, the master offered him good wages by the day to fill the post of cook pending the engagement of a substitute; but no, he felt that a great part of his journey still lay before him and he could afford to lose no time. So rescuing Mary from the embraces of her many admirers, and transferring to his capacious pockets the gifts she was loaded with, he bore her off in triumph to a quiet house in Margaret Street, and once more had her all to himself. His seafaring instinct warned him that the hardest part of his task had now to be undertaken. For although he had a fairly

definite idea of where he wanted to go, and of what he must take with them, he knew his educational limitations, and how unless he proved that he possessed means no one would deal with him, while if he did he ran great danger of being robbed. However, it never occurred to him to doubt the achievement of his purpose, and so he went steadily to work accumulating such things for their use as he felt necessary, and at the same time keeping a wary eye upon the departure of vessels for the islands.

At the end of three weeks fate favoured him so far that he became acquainted with a Scotch seaman who commanded and partly owned a pretty brigantine called the *Lady Head*. This man wanted the stern steady old seaman to come with him as cook and steward, and laid his plans accordingly. In this way John learned all he wanted to know about the island trade, the position of his goal, the best way of keeping up communication with civilisation, and how money affairs were managed through banks. And when he had done so, he confided his scheme to the Scotchman, who, although disappointed at first, cordially approved of it, and stipulated for only a very moderate and strictly just rate of passage. More, he promised to keep the pair in mind and whenever possible to call at their retreat, and see if he could be of any service. So that was all straightforward.

And now what about Mary, who after all was rapidly becoming the principal figure in this obscure human comedy. Truth to tell, she had been all along a living proof that there are some children absolutely unspoilable. Accustomed all her conscious life, with that one dark interval, to unquestioning love, and almost without correction for childish faults except for the gentlest of reproofs, she was growing up gentle, docile and beautiful. She could not write, could hardly read, and what little she could do in that way was rapidly slipping away from her without any care or regret on her part. Yet she was by no means ignorant. John's long experience accumulating in the vast storehouse of a sailor's memory might never, like that of the majority of seafarers, have been drawn upon but for the spell of that baby heart. In answer to her pretty prattle he let down the bucket of recollection into the well of the past, and drew up for her sole benefit sea-lore of all kinds, quaint, true and little known. So, as they sat hand in hand for hours in this bliss of perfect confidence and mutual love, I think they were as happy as most people may be in this world. But John was ever craving for the time when their happiness should

be yet more complete. That in this he was selfishly forgetting her future, when in the course of nature he must die and leave her alone in that tiny island paradise of his dreams, never occurred to him, nor had it done so do I think he would have understood it. For even with the greatest love to animate, men as primitive as John are seldom apt to look far ahead. If they were, how could they support as they do the usual prospect of leaving wife and helpless dear ones to penury upon the death of the wage-earner? a prospect no forethought or thrift of the average mechanic can effectually provide against.

In due time behold John a step nearer his goal. With 600*l.*—for with the utmost care he had been unable to keep his expenditure down so as to save more than that out of his little fortune—invested safely at four per cent., and an understanding established that his drafts upon the bank were to be honoured, behold him seated on the little monkey-poop of the *Lady Head*, his treasure nestling by his side, as with a smart south-easterly breeze she bounded across the Pacific under all sail. The shores of Australia rapidly faded, the violet shade of evening crept over the sky, and still they sat and looked ahead. They were looking for their home, the first that either of them had ever known, and their hopes were of a little heaven below where age could rest and enjoy, and youth free from all evils could rise to the full height of a healthy, happy animal existence. Beyond that the aspirations of either did not reach.

The latitude and longitude of their now well-defined objective I am not prepared or disposed to give, beyond saying that it was an outlying islet of the Hapai group of the Friendly Islands, recommended by the skipper of the brigantine, first, because of its accessibility to him, since he traded generally to Tonga; secondly, because of the well-known amiability of likely visitants in the shape of natives; and thirdly, because being large enough, lonely and uninhabited, it satisfied the wishes of John. Their passage thither was unmarked by any incident whatever beyond those common to an ordinary passage in those summer seas. And when at last the pretty earth-bud was sighted, a dazzling white patch crested with green coco-palms and sheltered from any heavy waves by a natural barrier of coral extending all around it, John had hard work to keep from breaking down. It was the realisation of his life's dream, one which he dimly felt would never have been realised but for the little fairy at his side clapping her

tiny hands with glee as each new beauty appealed to her childish senses, and full of delight at everything she saw. The handy vessel glided into the little anchorage between the foaming reefs and let go her kedge in fairyland. It seemed almost a crime to let a ponderous mass of iron fall into such a scene of beauty beyond compare or description, but sailors in those waters speedily find their sense of the beautiful blunted, if indeed they ever possessed it.

So the crew busied themselves under the direction of John in landing his belongings, his boat, his tent, his stores of all descriptions, his tools, and worked with such a will that ere the sweet cool sunset came to add new beauty to the already lovely scene, they had finished and with many farewells departed seaward. The skipper promised to return in a month to see how the new islanders were getting on, but John took little heed—he was too much engrossed with the realisation of his dreams, and wee Mary was full of delighted wonder at her new playground, so full that her good-byes were quite perfunctory. How John did toil, to be sure. His sailor-like handiness stood him in good stead, of course, but it was nevertheless a great piece of work to get all shipshape and Bristol fashion for the coming night in two hours from the chaos of goods piled upon the beach. But at about seven—he had brought no time-piece or calendar, being determined to cut himself adrift from all formalities that he considered did not matter—all was ready, the wee maid was put snugly in her little cot, and John stretched himself upon his blankets by her side. In ten minutes the slumberous lullaby of the surf had soothed them both into profoundest sleep, and in fullest security they spent the pleasant night.

John was awakened at dawn by the shrill cry of his little maid, 'Daddy, daddy, look at the birdies come to see us!' Sure enough, in through the open side of the tent had come several sea-fairies: whale-birds and sea-swallows looking with wide-eyed wonder but perfect freedom from fear at the intruders. Even when John rose to his feet and clasping Mary to his breast gave her her morning kiss they hardly stirred, but when he emerged they waddled leisurely before him as he marched down the beach and plunged into the limpid embracing sea. There for half an hour he and his heart's delight disported themselves amid the warm wavelets, a bath of purest emerald glittering with jewelled foam in such splendour as tired the eye, and withal refreshing as if

gifted with the power of renewing youth. The floor was firm white sand pleasant to the touch, and without a stray stone of coral to hurt childish feet; the air was heaven's own nectar, and there was no one to come between the lovers. John felt as if his ideal were perfectly realised; he felt tremendously grateful, but to whom he did not know; and then with that practicality which had always distinguished him set about assuring the continuance of their joy. There was little of the Crusoe makeshifts about his arrangements; his forethought had provided almost everything necessary for convenience and comfort, and his seafaring adaptability enabled him to make ready use of his tools. So with childish glee he and his little maid played at working, built them a little house as cosy as a nest (I say them, for the child was full of delight at this long, long game that never palled, and would have overworked herself but for his tender care), and for relaxation fished in the pellucid lagoon, climbed the low coco-trees for their refreshing green nuts, tended their little colony of two pigs, two goats, and half a dozen fowls, and found the days all too short to contain all their energies or half their joys.

It would seem at first sight impossible that such an Eden should be without its serpent, but nevertheless for seven short years John and his beloved charge lived with hardly a shadow upon their lives. Only at the rare visits of an island canoe, and exchange of the necessary courtesies, or the half yearly arrival of Captain Macintyre of the *Lady Head*, did they feel anything like discontent or annoyance. For they had both learned to do without what most of us find necessary to anything like happiness in life, books, company, pleasant dwellings, changes of pretty dress, &c. They were all in all to each other, they had perfect health, and were as near the perfect condition of primitive sinless man as might be. So when strangers came Mary hid herself and grudged the time stolen from her sweet communion with her daddy. And when the intruders had gone she flung herself upon his broad breast in a transport of delight, telling him in a hundred pretty ways how glad she was that she had got him all to herself again. Yes, Mary was perfectly happy. If at times a vague longing pervaded her splendid frame she could not interpret it, did not try. She was beautiful as a Greek goddess. Perfect freedom of limb and body, simplest of simple food, cleanliness minute as that of a fish, yea, more so, had made of her a perfect specimen of young womanhood, and had she been able to describe

her feelings she would have stared amazed, for the complexities of civilised passions still more complicated by the artificialities of problem novels had never entangled her. She loved to sit with her daddy at the door of their house watching the unspeakable glories of the sunset, the quick sequence of colour schemes over the outer ocean, the creaming reef-summit and the placid lagoon, until all had merged in one tender shade of violet, the sweet freshness of night had replaced the languorous warmth of the day, and one by one the shy stars were mustering for the nightly review of the hosts of heaven. And then they would retire with a mutual sigh of perfect content, she to her virginal couch in a little room perfectly secluded, he to his grass hammock swinging from the roof beams, and lulled by the murmur of the surf, sink into dreamless sleep.

But gradually as the years slid by the inevitable consequences resolutely ignored by John began to beat upon his consciousness. He was growing old. Only sixty, but his very hard early life had made that comparatively early age equivalent to seventy-five. He could not but know that the time was coming when the light of his eyes would be left to shine alone, unless—no, he would not think of it, at least not now. He would put it off a little. And so he juggled with his reason, deceived himself as to the endurance of his vitality, until one morning, after a week's persistent irritation at his left side, he, looking closely, saw a white scurf-covered spot. Now sailors, even 'common' sailors such as John undoubtedly was, accumulate a vast amount of out of the way knowledge, even if they are seldom able to pass it on to others, and so John felt a chill as of death's hand laid upon his heart, for he knew the sign of leprosy. For an hour he sat stunned, until the ringing music of Mary's voice crying, 'Daddy, why ever don't you come and swim?' aroused him, and with an effort of the highest heroism, he rose to his feet and answered cheerfully, 'All right, darlin', I'm comin'.' They bathed as usual, but when on returning for breakfast she would have wound her lithe right arm round his waist, he said in a strange voice, 'No, lovey, you mustn't touch me no more. I've got a bad skin disease, and I'd rather die a dozen times than you should catch it.' Mary flung herself face downward on the sand, rent with sobs, the first bitter grief she had known since John had rescued her from Cable Street, tearing at her soul. And he—he must needs stand aloof—unable to caress or comfort her. . . .

William Hardy, poor Scottish student, having with the fire of missionary zeal burning in his bones fought his way from 'but an' ben' through college, found himself at last on board a missionary schooner bound for Rarotonga from Sydney to begin his heaven-appointed task. Never did bridegroom long for his wedding morn with more intensity of desire than William Hardy, when on the beauteous coral strand of his imaginings he should be able to tell a crowd of wondering dark men and women of their fellow man and loving God. His impatience wore his body thin, and all his prayers were to be *there*; to begin, to do. Yet, when within a few days of the goal of all his hopes and prayers, there came a check, a celestial embargo upon further progress. The heavens grew black at mid-day and the wail of coming woe sounded mournfully through the rigging. A strong smell of sulphur pervaded the air, and the sea was as turbid ink touched here and there with ghastly light. The skipper, mate and crew, having done all possible to secure their vessel, called upon the young missionary to pray. He was hardly able, for his mind was filled with bewilderment. Why was he hindered from doing God's work? Why should this storm stay him? He prayed, but perfunctorily. He was not afraid, nay, he was rather annoyed, and his petitions sounded but hollow, being not so directly for life but for permission to go forward and get on with the work.

Then came the storm, the awful hurricane due to those summer seas when they have slumbered too long. And all praying as well as doing was over—the storm did all. An elemental uproar, roaring waters, heavens and sea commingled, and jagged chains of fire connecting all—who could abide? William Hardy never knew the process nor the parting, but he awoke from his hideous dream to find a face lovely beyond his fairest ideas gazing down into his, its eyes overbrimming with tears. With pain wrenching every sinew, every nerve protesting, he struggled to rise. A pair of strong arms were flung around him, he was set upon his feet; and leaning upon a soft shoulder, still in a state of amazement beyond all account he was gently led upward into a little house where a drink of beaten egg and milk was held to his lips. He drank and was revived. Before him sat an old man with hair and long beard white as snow, gazing tenderly at him, but coming no nearer than the width of the hut. He turned, and at his side stood a tall, splendid figure, a woman most beautiful,

looking down upon him with eyes full of love, maternal in its regard.

'Flung ashore out o' some poor ship last night, I s'pose,' said the old man, but so gently, so pitifully, that it sounded like a benediction. Also it opened the conversation, and in a very little while Hardy was pouring out all his heart to the strange pair, who listened as if to the oracle of a God. Without one questioning word they accepted all he said, yet like him they wondered, with a wonder that was almost bewilderment, why, after all those years of preparation, of self-sacrificing struggle, this young enthusiast had been stopped on the threshold of the fruition of his desires. Again and again they came in the course of their long, long talk, up against this barrier, until suddenly, with a new light in his eyes, John said: 'I know.' And then they retired for the night.

During the happy days that followed John watched his darling with eyes which saw almost prophetically, but in those looks there was no longer any jealous fear. He felt perfectly satisfied that, to crown his joy and allow him to part in peace, this young apostle had been sent, and one night when Hardy had been with them a week, and he and Mary had become inseparable, John startled them both by saying suddenly 'Children, listen!' They sat side by side breathlessly awaiting what he had to say, yet all unconscious of its possible import. For no word of love had passed their lips, no kiss, only the fullest, freest fellowship and confidence. He said solemnly: 'In two days I shall be dead. An' God has sent you to take my Mary. It's more than I deserve. But, accordin' to what you've taught me, He's very kind and thinks of these things. You'll marry her, Willy, and go on with your work, taking my little savings to help you. And He'll bless you, I know. Good-night.'

A great awe fell upon them. Their love sprang into shape, gigantic, definite, made concrete as it were by the touch of death. For neither of them doubted that John spoke truly. And they kissed each other.

Suddenly Mary sprang to her feet and was rushing to John's arms, when he shouted 'No!' And then for the first time she learned the dread secret, the reason why she, who had always from her earliest recollection nestled in his bosom, had been forbidden to so much as lay her hand upon him. But the bitterness of the revelation was tempered by the new presence. Put it how we

may, that is so. Even the most agonising partings may be mollified by someone being left.

At dawn on the second day he died, his last words being, 'Please don't touch me, darlin's, at least not now. I'm goin' to be touched and made clean.' They buried him at the highest point of the islet, observing carefully his instructions as to touching him, instructions which he had made possible to be carried out by wrapping himself in many folds of cloth with the last flickering energies. And no potentate, no beloved one, ever had a grander funeral than John Morris, or was more befittingly commended to his Maker.

HOW THE COURT CAME BACK TO PEKING.

BY MRS. ARCHIBALD LITTLE.

To arrive in Peking, and hear that the Imperial Court was just removing to the Southern Park, and would detrain at Ma-chio-pu, a station about five miles from Peking, involved of course an instant resolution to go there and see the pomp and ceremony. We had travelled almost breathless right across China; in eight days and a half from Chentu to Chungking, a land journey generally done in eleven days, then from Chungking to Ichang in a small boat, rowing day and night, thus getting through the Yangtse Gorges in six days, which took a party of Europeans comfortably established in the usual sort of boat at the same time fourteen days to accomplish; then on in a steamer for three days to Hankow, and in another larger steamer from Hankow to Shanghai again another three days; with another week of journey from Shanghai to Peking, including a day at Tsingtao, the new German settlement, and a night at Tientsin. Thence a three hours railway journey brought us to Peking, and there next day we stepped into rickshaws, and proceeded out through the dust to meet the Imperial Court. Even on the way out it was quite a sight to see those who were doing likewise, officials and officials' attendants on inelegant but sturdy Tientsin ponies, and yet more interesting Imperial yellow porcelain in baskets dangling from men's shoulder poles.

The station, when we at last arrived there, was all canopied with Imperial yellow silk save in the centre, where chequers were formed with this and red and black silks; the platform was spread with red cloth; there were some very smart inclined places with railings, evidently intended to help in the descent out of the train. On one side a fine yellow silk tent, where the Emperor had waited for his aunt by adoption on the journey to the tombs, and on the other side of the station quite an encampment of tents for the various Government Boards—that of the Censors small and plain but central, that of the Board of Foreign Affairs picturesque with its blue and blackness, and roomy. Behind them and on either side more and more tents, all those to the left blue edged with black, those to the right of but one colour; behind them and

gleaming in between them a long procession of gaudy coloured umbrellas, such as are presented to an official on his giving up office, and a still longer line of Yuan Shih-kai's Shantung soldiery, each carrying a tricoloured banner furled.

Dignitary after dignitary arrived, descended from his cart and saluted in the official style, slipping the right hand down the leg to below the knee, which is at the same time bowed. All were in heavy silks embroidered, with high official boots to the knee, large necklaces falling to the waist, and conical caps covered with red tasseling; each wearing on his breast an embroidered plaque of bird or beast, according as to whether he were a civil or military official. We stood among quite a large company of blue button Mandarins before the Imperial train was announced. It arrived with all the platforms overcrowded, as if the carriages were bursting with the retinue; two trains of luggage had already arrived. The state carriage drew up just in front of where we were standing. Someone got out from it; it was said to be the Viceroy, Yuan Shih-kai. Then Li Lien-ying, the Empress's favourite, to whom every Chinese official wishing for an audience has to pay a sum fully proportionate to his revenue, looked out. He was obliging enough indeed to stand for some time at the head of the little flight of steps, looking down; the cares of office had marked tiny lines upon his face, pre-eminently a careful face, that of one with a wonderful capacity for mastering details, but it was decidedly not a bad face, neither vicious, nor brutal, nor cruel, but rather that of a man whom you could not easily stop in the performance of his duty, to whose heart you would never dream of appealing, who would plan and contrive and scheme and succeed whilst most appearing to give way. One wonders what would have happened if he and Tse-hsi had ever met in opposition! But both must intuitively have felt that they together were a match for the world, and so joined forces.

When Li Lien-ying came down there was a ripple in the crowd, and we became aware of a bright-looking, slight young man stepping buoyantly out of the carriage, with the happy smile of so many an English young man as he comes to his journey's end. 'Who can that bright, happy-looking boy be?' was all but on my lips, when an English engineer behind me spoke out loud, although cautioned beforehand not to do so, and at the same time a Chinese official in front of me turned, and tugged violently at my sleeve, as if I were the culprit. For it was the Emperor of

China himself, who, before one had time to realise it was he, had got swiftly into the vast golden-yellow sedan chair waiting for him and been silently carried away, only his curiously projecting chin noticeable in profile as he sat, still looking back at the train he had left. A deep hush always falls upon the crowd in China whenever a Mandarin stirs abroad; how much more when the Son of Heaven moves; and a few years ago surely that foreign engineer would have been beheaded for his outspokenness. But this year none ever knelt, whereas of old it was on both knees and with faces earthward-bent that Chinese subjects would have received their Emperor.

Tse-hsi, Empress Dowager, was the next to appear, standing for some time on the railway platform, with its *voyant* embroidery, an eunuch supporting her under either arm. On this occasion she certainly looked her age, sixty-eight, with her very broad face and many double chins. Her eyes, the longest probably ever seen, remained cast down, and though there was a great appearance of graciousness, the smile, whose coldness even chills foreign Ministers, was absent. Yet, even as she stood still and silent with her eyes cast down, one felt the magnetic power of the woman. There was no appearance of powder or paint about her, no indication of either eyes or eyebrows being artificially lengthened. If done at all, it must have been well done. But the thing that was most striking about her was her stillness. Her attendants seemed trying to bring her down upon the platform. Tse-hsi did not want to come down, and she *stood still*. She stood still again upon the railway platform, absolutely immovable, until at last, breathless and hatless, a railway official rushed up from somewhere or other and bowed low before her. Then, satisfied, she at once got into her sedan chair, only less vast than that of the Emperor, and was very quickly carried away. But I felt a pricking in my thumbs for long afterwards.

Just as the Empress regnant but not ruling appeared at the carriage door the train began to back away, and I saw nothing but her eyes and brow, above which the locks were wide dispersed. So far it seemed a good face. But it was impossible to discern whether the will power was there, so visible in the Empress Dowager's pleasantly flattering face, with falsity written large over every line of the apparently good-humoured surface. The Dowager is of the type so well known in every land where society exists. Were she an English mother she would, one feels at once, marry

all her daughters to eldest sons, irrespective of whether they were lunatics or confirmed dipsomaniacs. She would smile and say pleasant things, as she pressed forward over her enemy's dead body, without even a thrill of pleasure in the doing so; it would be so absolutely indifferent to her how she got there provided that she got to the front. People who have seen her eyes raised talk of their marvellous quickness, people who have seen her smile talk of the smile's coldness, ladies who have conversed with her speak of the furious anger of her expression as she reprimands an attendant, succeeded instantaneously by the utmost urbanity as she addresses a guest.

An English man of business who saw her at the station said afterwards: 'Well, I have quite changed my mind. I always thought as likely as not the Empress had nothing to do with all those Boxer troubles, but that woman never was imposed upon or put upon. I know now she did it all.'

The few foreign ladies who have conversed with her, and been flattered by her attentions, seem only the more, not the less, convinced of her remorselessness, and all concede that she never lets the Emperor alone, either she or Li Lien-ying being always by his side, so that it is impossible for him ever to speak unheard.

And then comes in a mystery. A little American girl was among the guests at one of the Empress's parties, and the Emperor at once took her up and kissed her, till the child, looking at her mother, said: 'He does like me, mother, doesn't he?' After that he followed the child about, and kissed her again and again. She was a round-faced, rosy-cheeked little child of five. But how had the Emperor of China ever learned to kiss? How had the very idea of such a thing ever been suggested to him? No Chinese man throughout the whole length and breadth of the vast Chinese Empire ever kisses wife or child, unless he has been taught to do so by a foreigner. No Chinese mother even kisses her child. The nearest she gets to it is lifting her child's face up to hers, and as it were smelling at it. Yet here was the Emperor of China evidently versed in the practice, so that directly he saw this foreign little girl he took her up and kissed her, as if it were the most natural thing in the world, whilst to the everyday Chinaman this would be a most unnatural, and indeed repulsive process.

As the Imperial party disappeared in their Imperial yellow

sedans, three carts of brilliant Imperial yellow drove after them, and a guard of yellow jacketed or waistcoated soldiery closed in round them, their officer a cross between an English naval officer with his golden stripes upon his arm, and a Russian army officer with a much befurred cap, the poor man himself extra heated by both under the hot April sunshine of Peking. And as they all withdrew it seemed as if the Imperial yellow had withdrawn some of the sunshine from the earth, and we found ourselves almost at once in the semi-darkness of a Peking dust storm, a struggling mass of carts and cavaliers and rickshaws, with the poor coolies dragging them, all fighting for first place among the dreadful ruts of fields and roadways hardly distinguishable from fields.

That was on April 15, and on April 23, St. George's Day, the crowd standing on the walls by the Chien Mên saw the Court's return to Peking. First came a mounted guard in tight-fitting black, with greaves hanging loose upon their legs, and all silver spangled; then a guard with a long crooning cry. Then the yellow sedans, the Empress-wife entirely shut up in hers, and this time carried close behind the Emperor. Again he did everything with lightning rapidity, so that it was hardly possible to catch a glimpse of him getting out of his chair, worshipping at the temple of the God of War, the patron deity of his dynasty, and being carried off again before one could believe it possible he had even alighted. The Empress Dowager, on the other hand, lingered long, waving her hand and then her handkerchief to the various foreign onlookers on the wall, and then calling for an opera glass the better to contemplate them. Even three days afterwards the approaches to the Palace or Forbidden City were still thronged with carts innumerable, loaded with carpets, with skins, with all manner of what looked like worthless baggage, whilst long lines of rickshaws fringed the walls outside.

The return of the Court, as seen from the gates of Peking, looked like nothing but the entrance of a marauding party of stragglers. The whole of Peking, indeed, resembles an encampment, the greater part of it now being in ruins, whilst all the beautiful and interesting and pleasant part right to the centre of this great city is shut off for the private delectation of the woman who has raised herself to the Imperial throne of China, and evidently intends to get her full fill of enjoyment while on it. Can people fancy what it would be like in London if Alexandra,

the beloved, were to close Buckingham Palace and St. James's and Kensington Palaces, together with the St. James's, Green, and Hyde Parks, allowing none to drive or walk there but herself and her attendants, even shutting up Piccadilly as a thoroughfare! What Tse-hsi has done in Peking is similar to this, only possibly the space enclosed by her is larger. And it was not always so. The Forbidden City, with the Palace, was always enclosed within lofty walls, but so is Buckingham Palace within walls, though small ones. One would not complain of that. It is Tse-hsi, however, who chose to live in the beautiful Winter Palace outside of it, and enclose that too. It is she who chose to shut up the Marble Bridge, which used to be freely open to everyone. So great is the inconvenience to the Peking populace and to the Mandarins who attend the Court, that when Prince Kung, the Emperor's uncle, consented to come out of his retirement and resume the direction of affairs after the *coup d'état* in 1898, it was only on condition that the Marble Bridge should be thrown open to traffic, and thus the east city once again connected with the west. But Prince Kung is dead and Tse-hsi still reigns, and the Marble Bridge once again is closed, while the Empress drives beneath the beautiful old trees by the Lotus Lake, along the pleasant turns beside the luxurious Winter Palace.

And now Russia has formulated demands for the complete and decisive cession of Manchuria, although she says she has not, without however attempting to explain the position of her troops there. The Diplomatic Corps is agitated. But the Empress Tse-hsi has already settled a far more delicate question. The late Minister to Paris has returned with his partly American wife and daughters all full of the delights of Paris, and the latter with the most up-to-date of Parisian toilettes. One of these young ladies was to interpret at the audience to be given to the ladies of the Diplomatic Corps on May 12, the day after that fixed for the gentlemen; both held at the Summer Palace some distance out in the country. And the question at once arose, what was the young lady to wear. Her most *chic* Parisian toilette she herself said, or she could not undertake to interpret. But the Empress, through Prince Ching, now Prime Minister, has replied: 'The wife of the late Minister to Paris being half American can come in American clothes, but the daughter of a Manchu official must come in Manchu dress; but as the young lady has no practice in high Manchu clogs' (with the high heel in the middle, an

indispensable part of a Manchu lady's court dress), 'and would therefore infallibly trip herself up and fall prostrate, let her therefore come dressed as a Manchu boy, only without the high official boots.' And thus the question is settled by that mind, that, like one of the great dockyard hammers, can either straighten a pin or mould a cannon.

We may depend upon it the Empress Dowager has no difficulties about Manchuria. She knows quite clearly what she wants; so long as she gets that, how she does so does not matter to her, and therefore she always gets her way. She is sixty-eight now. Upon how many years of splendour can she not look back! She, who began life as the poor and soon fatherless daughter of a small military official! Yet it is pleasant to hear of her that she has never forgotten, never overlooked, any of those who befriended her in her days of obscurity.

A doctor with keen eyes, observing her the other day, says he detects the signs of a mortal malady, and that she has but two years or at the most three to live. I did not detect the malady, but as I looked at her, two years more of life came distinctly into my mind. When I spoke to others of the impression I received of her strong magnetic gift, a Russian lady exclaimed excitedly: 'That is just what — and — told me, that they never could feel natural, never could feel quite themselves in her presence.' The wife of the acting British Chargé d'Affaires seized the opportunity of being at Paotingfu—the city from which the corner-stone was taken down because of the ghastly massacre of English men and women there—to have a private interview with the Dowager Empress, who was there at the same time. She and Lady — dedicated the whole of one Sunday to visiting the Empress at the Summer Palace. The American Minister's wife speaks of 'my friend the Empress Dowager.'

But at each fresh foreign visit to the old Buddha, as Chinese call the Empress Dowager, Chinese Christian women weep and protest bitterly, thinking of their murdered relations, whom they esteem *martyrs*.

Meanwhile we sit with the dust of Peking on our heads and faces, while one man regrets that the French attempt never came off, although divers were all ready to explore the well in the Palace down which the Emperor's favourite concubine is said to have been thrust by Tse-hsi's orders the night before the flight from Peking, Tse-hsi herself standing by to see stones thrown

down upon the unhappy young woman, lest her body should rise to the surface; while another speculates as to whether the Emperor did or did not swallow the drugs prepared for him by Tse-hsi; whether his health has been ruined, and his development thereby stopped—he looks strangely young for his years—or whether like a Roman of old he is a man of tremendous determination simply playing a *rôle* and biding his time. Sir Robert Hart has rebuilt exactly over his ruins, and has retained no reminder of a Past he would fain forget; others have erected fine dwelling-places and colleges beside their ruins, which still look down upon them hollow-eyed, recalling the friends thrust down wells or otherwise cruelly murdered within their walls. English men and women pass through Peking returning to Shansi to live on the spots to them hallowed by the deaths of loved relations, whom they too—curious, is it not?—esteem martyrs like those of old, the noble army who ‘praise Thee,’ as we still say in our churches. Do we mean it as we sing it?

THE 'WHUSTLER.'

AN ANGLING EPISODE.

WHEN Ronald and I set out on Loch Voil the weather was unusually promising. In the morning there had been squalls charged with rain; but now, just after luncheon, the wind was soft and steady from the east, and there was as fine a ripple as one could wish. Surveying the hillsides of the glen in which the water lies, one could now and then see a patch of heather or of bracken gently gleaming in sunshine. That showed the clouds to be thin and volatile. At length, apparently, we were to have a good day. Anglers will know what that means. Others will regard it as an unimportant remark, and will perhaps say that fishermen, like farmers, are always grumbling. Those who are neither fishermen nor farmers are strangely ignorant about the weather. The outstanding facts are plain to them; but they are not conscious of the gradations and other subtleties. They know when there's rain, or heat, or cold, or a gale; but when they go forth to business of a morning feeling chilled a little they say, 'Ah! an east wind again,' although probably it is from the west, and are quite unaware that the force of the wind varies greatly. The knowledge which they lack is possessed by anglers; and that is why, having a strange story to tell, I begin about the weather. It is all-important. If the wind is strong the boat drifts so quickly that in playing one trout you pass over places in which others might be expected. If it is of the fitful, gusty kind that sometimes comes when there's thunder lurking about, the fish are sulky and don't rise. If there is no wind at all, what are you to do? The boat won't move unless you pull it.

The last-mentioned predicament befell Ronald and me. We had not been five minutes afloat before our soft breeze drooped and died. We had intended to go to the head of the loch, where there is a long sand-and-pebble shallow, just the place where brisk sport is to be hoped for in a light wind; but, now that the breeze had passed, there was no use going. Indeed, was it any use going anywhere? I put it to Ronald frankly, but with chagrin.

'Deed, ay, sir!' said the gamekeeper reassuringly. 'Ye

have to throw the flees lichtly in a dead calm like this ; but if ye manage that ye often raise a troot.'

This I knew. In a smooth river a dead calm does not put a stop to one's sport : why should it render hopeless fishing on a lake ? Only because the flies and the gut which one uses on a river are usually lighter than those which are thought fine enough for a lake. The cast I had on was not of gossamer tenuity ; it was stout enough, indeed, to hold as big a trout as could be expected ; still, there would be no harm in trying. Perhaps the wind would be back ere long.

Out on the deep, then, Ronald slowly rowed, and I kept casting as we went along. Not a trout rose. The water was so still that the scenery was reflected in it with bewitching minuteness of detail. As you gazed steadfastly, there seemed to be no water at all, but only space, with two ranges of hills converging downwards, downwards, until, very far down indeed, they were standing on their snow-capped heads. It was a spectacle the paradoxical fascination of which made one giddy.

'There's a rise, sir,' said Ronald : 'wull I pu' to't ?'

It was a relief thus to be recalled from looking upon the world upside-down. We pulled towards the rise, the expanding ring of which lingered on the water ; but, although the flies fell lightly over where the trout was, the trout remained below. So it was with a good many other trials. Like hunting the fugitive ripple when the air is faint, stalking the rising fish is sometimes a fruitful occupation ; but it was of no use that particular afternoon.

Ere long we reached the head of the loch. 'Wull we try Doine noo ?' Ronald asked. Lying to the west, Loch Doine is connected with Loch Voil by a short, deep, slowly-moving river. I was not sure whether it would be well to go into Doine. If the wind, when it rose again, should be from the same quarter as it had been on our setting out, we should be favourably situated as regards Doine, having only to slip through the river, with a drift the whole length of the loch before us. On the other hand, if the breeze should come from the west, we should be equally well-placed on Voil. So I answered :

'Let's wait a little, and see where the breeze is to come from. It will probably be either from the east or from the west.'

'Ay, that's so,' said the gillie. 'There's never a north or a sooth wind on they lochs. The cloud-carry may be frae ane o'

they airts; but the hills block the wind, and it aye soops up or doon the glen.'

I laid aside the rod, and prepared to smoke.

'That's a dainty bit wand,' said Ronald, taking up the rod and making a gingerly cast. 'Nae mare than nine feet long, I'se warrant; and as licht as a heron's feather.'

'Only five ounces, without the reel,' I answered proudly. 'It is a present from America. Built cane, you see, and quite strong—the friend who gave it to me says there's not a trout fit to break it in this over-rated island.'

'No?' said Ronald, who during this brief dialogue had been testing the casting power of the little rod—'Guidsake, what's that?'

It was for him, rather than for me, to say; although out of the corner of my eye, as I was screening the flame of a match, I saw a disturbance just where the flies had fallen. It was a sudden surge in the water and a furrow heaving outwards.

'She's a whustler, whatever,' said Ronald eagerly. 'Tak' the rod, sir?'

'No, no, Ronald: your bird, you know. Does he feel heavy?'

'Vera,' said he in quiet wonderment. 'A whustler beyond a doobt.'

'Whustler' means big and lusty fish, probably so called from the peculiarly agreeable tune which the reel plays as the line is run off. Thus Ronald's statement was very cheering.

'Michty me, look at that! 'Tak' the rod, sir—tak' the rod! We'll ha'e to pu' oot.'

'That' was a large dorsal fin and half of a majestic tail angrily protruding, and then a long dark-blue back, as the whustler, now thirty yards off, cleft his way.

Ronald handed me the rod imperiously, and sat down to the oars, pushing outwards stern-first. There were about forty yards of line left on the reel, and these I was yielding foot by foot. Ronald's most vigorous efforts with the back-watering oars were scarce sufficient to prevent disaster. If I paid out no line at all, something would break; if I let it go freely I should soon, with the same result, be at the end of the tether. My legs began to tremble; they did not seem to be based on anything substantial. Still, I contrived to speak with astonishing composure:

'What's to be done, Ronald?'

'Am thinkin', sir, ye'll better step over to the bow. Then I'll

turn the boat, and be able to follow her faster. Canny, canny!' he added, as I stumbled across the thwarts. 'If ye let her slack a second she'll be off, and if ye're too tight she'll burst the show!'

Thus admonished, I found myself standing with dignity at the prow, gazing out on the mysterious deep, somewhere in which the whustler was still unmistakably on. He showed as yet no violent excitement: only, on he went, steadily, unrelentingly, the boat in pursuit as quickly as Ronald could drive it. Within ten minutes we were in the middle of the loch, which is much less broad than long. Suddenly the strain yielded. To my horror, I found that I could reel in without resistance. Sick at heart, I turned and looked at Ronald. He was rowing with might and main.

'Stop, Ronald.'

He looked at me, over his shoulder, in apprehensive interrogation: clearly he meant, 'Is she off?'

'I think so,' said I; and was beginning to assure him that I had really made no mistake when the sound of a heavy splash just behind caused me to wheel round to attention at the prow once more. To the left, not more than ten yards off, was a circle of writhing water.

'I saw her,' Ronald was exclaiming in low tones; 'and she's no' off yet. Faeel up, sir; reel up like the tevil when ye've got the chance.'

Obedying, in less than a minute I had the happiness of discovering that Ronald was right. The whustler was not off. He had merely changed his tactics. Perhaps he had leapt to snap the line; perhaps——

This was no time for conjectures. The fish was running down the loch at a disquieting pace. Like a living thing on lightsome wing, the boat sped before the oars as it never sped before; yet the reel was screeching. Just as the end-of-the-tether crisis was again at hand, the whustler slowed down a little: indeed, it was possible to recover a few yards of line.

'That's richt, sir,' said Ronald encouragingly, but rowing as hard as ever. 'Aye reel up when ye can. It pits off the evil hour.'

The evil hour! At times of excitement the imagination is alert, active; and Ronald's words started a new train of thought. When was the evil hour to come? Already it seemed a long time since the whustler had made his presence felt. Already we had gone careering after him through the little bay lying to the south

of the river from Loch Doine; thence we had crossed the mouth of the Monachyle Burn: these were landmarks on the northward course. On the way down the loch, Monachyle Môhr was already far behind; we were now flying past Rhuveag, a pretty cottage from whose chimneys the blue smoke of wood-fires was lingering opalescent among the black-green pines in the background; soon we should be at Craighruie Point, off which the loch is unnavigable when the west winds are out in earnest. The evil hour! Were not we in pretty evil case already?

Ronald himself seemed to think so.

'This,' he said, 'looks like a long job. She'll no tire for a while. Ye needna' gi'e her the butt—the bit wand would just bend and she wudna' feel it. Am no muckle in favour o' they new-fangled split-cane toys. Gi'e me an auld-fashioned green-heart—something ye can hud on by. That fish micht as weel be free a'thegither. It's no' us that's caught her—it's her that's nabbit us.'

This seemed true. As far as I could make out, we were no nearer capturing the whustler than we had been before he took the fly. He was not now tearing through the water quite so fiercely; but I had no confidence that he was without reserve of strength. Certainly he was full of resource. He had turned to the right, as if to pay a call at Murligan Bay, and was apparently wagging his head from side to side. I felt that the gut might give way to one of his uncomfortable tugs.

'What do you think he is, Ronald? A big trout?'

'Na.'

'A ferox?'

'There's nae ferox here. This is a weel-bred loch.'

'A salmon, then?'

'A salmon sure enough, sir; and a twenty-pounder unless am much mista'en. I saw her loupin' when ye turned roond thinkin' she was off.'

'But what did she take the fly for, Ronald? Salmon don't feed in fresh water—so they say nowadays.'

'That's a' damisht nonsense. What for no' should they starve in fresh water, sir? Because ye never find flees or minnows or onything else in their mouths, or inside them, when ye catch ane? As weel say that they dinna' feed in the sea either, for the same reason; and that, thairfore, they pit on four or six pounds weight every year on naething at a'. Whaur's she off tae noo?'

The whustler had again changed his course, and was making for Ledriech, on the north shore. We followed submissively. Ledriech Bay is made beautiful in summer by water-lilies. These were not in blossom just now, so early in the year ; but I dared say that below the surface the stalks were in tough abundance. What if the fish got in among them? Could we ever get him cut? I had misgivings; but I did not like to mention them. Ronald was not in the best of tempers. He seemed to think that we were having an untoward afternoon, and that I was responsible. Among other misfortunes, we had no gaff aboard. I felt that he was thinking of this, and assuring himself that it added to the certainty of the evil hour.

Fortunately, we did not reach the water-lily bay. A considerable time before he could be in sight of the opportunity offered by its harbourage, the fish was cruising down the middle of the loch. It was not at all easy to keep up with him. If I could have spared any sympathy from myself, I should have bestowed it upon Ronald. Although the sun was now sinking behind the western peaks and the evening chill had come, Ronald was sweating, and, not having foreseen the possibility of this how-d'y-
do, we had set out unprovided with the means of refreshment.

The tension changed. Instead of keeping on the forward path, the whustler seemed to go straight down. Down, down, down he bored, getting leave of the line only because the boat, although Ronald was stopping her, was still going towards the place from which the dive began. Down, down, down: when we were practically straight over him he was still diving, taking the line from the reel. Here was a new peril. About this place Loch Voil is at its deepest. If I remembered the chart rightly, the depth was over seventy feet. Would the line of the little trout-rod suffice? If not, should I supplement it by dipping down rod and arm on the desperate chance that the extra twelve feet thus gained would be enough? At the moment I had no thought for the ludicrousness of the prospective situation. Humour flees from fright.

Much to my relief, the line itself sufficed, and there was even a little to spare. Whether the salmon had gone quite to the bottom or not I cannot say; but, wherever he was, he stopped. He moved neither to right nor to left, neither up nor down; but he was still on. Of that there was no doubt. I had never lost touch with him during the dive; and I felt him still, though he

was steadfast; and through the line there ran a tense quivering thrill like that of a telegraph wire. The little rod was trembling as my legs had been at the beginning of the episode. Being now well inured to the crisis, I myself was comparatively at ease.

So, I noticed gladly, was Ronald, resting on his oars after nigh three hours of hard and anxious labour. Five minutes passed; ten; fifteen; and then it dawned upon me that, though tearing over the loch at the truculent tail of the whustler had been fearsome work, we were not now very much better off. At least, we were not perceptibly further forward. There was no disguising the fact that the enemy had us at a disadvantage. Excepting that I had to keep in constant touch with him and be sure he was still there, we had nothing whatever to do. The shades of night were falling; we were anchored on a cold wilderness of water without food and drink; and, as far as either of us could tell, we might have to stay there indefinitely unless we were willing to cut the painter and scuttle home defeated and disgraced.

That, of course, was not to be thought of.

'What's to be done, Ronald?'

'That I canna' tell, sir. I've never been in sic a fix as this before.'

'O, surely: it often happens: a salmon often lies doggo.'

'Never like this that I've seen; though it's true enough that, exceptin' when I went to the war wi' Lovat's Scouts, I've never been anywhaur else but Glenartney Forest and here.'

'I've seen it happen on the Dee.'

'Ay; but the Dee's a river, no' a loch.'

'On the Dee, when a salmon lies long at the bottom of a pool, the gillie can always get at him and stir him up somehow.'

'Nae doot; but the Dee's no seeventy feet deep.'

'The gillie sometimes throws big stones at him.'

'In this boat there are nae stanes, either big or sma'.'

Ronald, with his cold logic, had undoubtedly the best of the argument, which, indeed, I had initiated less from having anything to say than from out of a vacuous feeling that silence would seem a confession of dismay. It was true that I had seen a gillie stoning, and thereby putting to flight, a sulking salmon in the Dee, at Banchory; but I had realised, even as I mentioned this, that such an expedient was out of the question

on Loch Voil. 'Tis astonishing how a man chatters when in a dilemma. Contemptuously irritated at myself, I turned upon the gillie in wrath and with mixed metaphors.

'Chuck it, Ronald,' I adjured him. 'What's the good of sitting there wise as an owl and depressing as a wet blanket? We've got to kill this salmon.'

'Ha'e we, sir? There's mony a thing we've got to do that we never do.'

'Come, come, Ronald. That's no talk for a Lovat Scout.'

Ronald was not pleased; but he answered reasonably:

'That wark was naethin' to this, sir. In the war we aye kent that onything was possible, and did it; but in fishin' some things are clean impossible, and this is ane of them. She was a cunnin' man, the Boer; but she was an innocent babe to this brute.'

'Never mind, Ronald. He'll surrender some time.'

'No' she. Ye dinna' seem to understand, sir. D'ye no' see that when she starts again after this long rest she will be quite restorit—just as bad as if we had never run her at a'? Wi' that wee toy o' a rod, ye've dune her no harm whatever. If we ever get oot o' this, and ha'e to dance after her again, it will just be as if you had hookit a new salmon, and we'll ha'e the same business a' ower. I see nae end tilt.'

Neither did I; but I saw something else. Although the light had almost gone, I saw that there was a ripple on the water at the head of the loch, far away. It was coming towards us rapidly. Soon, too, the sound of the burns on the hill-sides began to grow in volume and in briskness. Hitherto the noises of their falling waters had been soft and hushed, half lost in the immediate still atmosphere absorbing them; but now they were loud, and growing louder, almost harsh. That meant the coming of a wind. Would the wind awake the whustler? Time would tell. It did; and soon.

When the curl on the water reached us Ronald took to the oars again. A very slight breeze is sufficient to set a boat moving, and, of course, the extent of our line allowing next to no latitude, we had to keep, in relation to the whustler until he moved, nearly perpendicular. That was not a task so easy as those who are unused to boats may imagine, and Ronald did not enjoy it. Each minute the air, at first a zephyr, was increasing; and amid such conditions it is almost impossible to keep a boat

exactly where you want. A few yards in any direction would again take us to the end of our tether; and then?

Happily, the need to consider the query was postponed. The whustler moved. Perhaps the ripple attracted him. The surmise is in accord with a theory which lately I had been cherishing in secret. Anglers at large take it for granted that fish keep down in a dead calm because then they see the gut to which the flies are attached, and rise in a wind because then the gut is hidden by the ripple. My belief is that when trout rise freely after a calm it is because the breeze has imparted fresh oxygen to the water and made them lively. For a moment I thought of broaching this argument to Ronald, and supporting it by reference to the fact that if you put a few trout into a pail of water they sicken soon and gradually turn bellies-upwards, dying; and that you may then almost miraculously bring them to frisky life by plunging through the air from the bailer fresh water into the pail. A discontented man, however, is not an appreciative audience for speculative thought; and I held my peace on all save the topic of the hour.

'Well, we're off again,' said I, cheerily, hoping to coax Ronald out of the doldrums.

'Quite so,' he answered; 'and praictically, sir,—praictically, mind ye—it's a new salmon we ha'e to deal wi'—just as fresh and ferocious as if she had only this minute risen at the flee.' To himself he added, muttering, 'And a bonnie time o' nicht to begin the day's sport.'

I could not understand Ronald. As a rule he was the best of gillies, grudging neither time nor trouble in the pursuit of game, keen and joyous as Tim the terrier in a rabbit warren. There are bonnie lasses in Balquhiddy; and Ronald is a youthful war-worn hero; and perhaps Spring, which, it will be remembered, deals in a livelier iris—

'Steady, sir, steady! Sit down!' exclaimed Ronald, interrupting my humane reflections. 'See yon!' He nodded westward; and I turned for a moment to look.

To within a hundred yards of us, all the loch was churned and seething white, and the dark air was grey with sleet.

Having had some little experience of the storms which suddenly descend upon Highland lochs, I did not like the look of things. Indeed, inwardly I began to sympathise with Ronald's view that we should have anticipated the evil hour by cutting

ourselves free from the whustler long ago. However, the time was not suited to after-thoughts; and I pretended not to understand.

'Right O, Ronald! The gut, I think, will hold—sound Lochleven.'

Meanwhile the whustler had led us a considerable distance from the place in which he had rested and been refreshed. As it was now impossible to see the shore, or even the point of the rod, I could not say how far we had gone; but I felt in a general manner that we were still on the eastward tack. Ploughing industriously on, he had been making no undignified display of annoyance: indeed, I had come to regard him with the familiar affection in which one holds a good retriever, saying to him, as occasion required, 'Steady, lass!' or 'To heel, you devil!' or other caressing phrases of the field; but with the progress of the storm our relations became strained. He began to leap. We could not see him; but we could hear him well enough amid the short thick thuds of the waves beating on the boat and the baritone boom of the squall. It was, I confess, an alarming sound. At each leap I expected the performance to be my last. That seems a strange remark; but it is accurate. Whenever he was down in the water and could be felt, I was not without hope; but that was momentary only. Whenever the line slackened I knew he was aloft in the air, and my heart stopped. Ronald was in similar extremity. The salmon seemed to be aimless in his movements. At any rate, his leap was sometimes on one side of our creaking craft, sometimes on the other; now off the stern, anon off the bow. Thus Ronald was in perplexity. Sometimes he had to pull away from the fish; sometimes to push towards him. All through this trying time the general drift of things was determined by the tempest, which we believed to be still from the west.

'This canna' go on much longer, am thinkin',' said Ronald. 'I daurna' pu' either to the north shore or to the sooth, for then we'd be broadside on and blawn ower. Forbye, the boat has been lyin' up a' winter, and is brittle. If ane o' they big waves catches her on the side when we're turned to follow the fish, she'll be staved in. I doobt we're by wi't, sir.'

Although he had to shout in order to be heard, Ronald delivered this grave opinion in a deliberate, matter-of-fact tone, in which there was no petulance. He was seriously alarmed.

Perhaps he had a melancholy satisfaction in the prospect of the evil hour being much worse than he had foreseen.

The hour, however, had not yet struck. Suddenly I realised that we were aground. Our arrival was without violence. As placidly as the Flying Scotsman slips into King's Cross a few minutes after covering full sixty miles an hour, our boat ran up against a shelving bank. I leapt ashore, and renewed my attentions to the whustler. He, too, seemed to realise that the battle had entered into new conditions. He bored about, calmly, almost in a weak manner, as if he were a conger-eel. I reeled the line in, and let it out, according to his comings and goings; but I did not stand still. I had to run about a good deal, and in breaking through the scrub, which came down to the edge of the water, was sorely gashed in hands and face and clothes. Nevertheless, my spirits had gone up with a bound. Even if I lost the whustler, it was now certain that I should have nothing to be ashamed of in the morning. Besides, the squall had gone as suddenly as it had come. A swell as if of the sea was swishing on the shore; but there was not so much as a puff of air, and behind a vast mass of blackness which I took to be a shoulder of Ben Ledi there was a slowly rising radiance not unlike the glow that a far-off fire sends upwards to the clouds of London. Soon the source of the majestic illumination appeared gradually above the high horizon. She was covered and uncovered as the wrack floated over her face; but she was a welcome visitor, tempting to gaiety.

'Methinks the moon frowns with a watery look,' said I, inaccurately endeavouring to recall a snatch of appropriate poesy.

'For Goadsake, sir, dinna' sweer—at this time o' night and in a graveyaird!'

'A graveyard!'

'Ay,' said Ronald. 'D'ye no' ken whaur ye are? Ye're no' on ordnar' warldly land at a'. Ye're on a sma' island, the buryin' grun of the Stewarts of Glenbuckie for mair centuries than onybody can remember.'

'This is the Inch, then?'

'The same. And no' a canny place ava'. There's naething but wraiths here, and I'll be glad when we're weel awa' frae 't. Hoo's the salmon, sir?'

'Very well, thank you, Ronald. We might get him now if

we had a gaff. Just step into the boat and ask the Minister to lend us his.'

Ronald obeyed with alacrity. He had not far to go. This being the Inch, we were only three or four hundred yards from the north-east corner of the loch, and not much more from the Kirton, a hamlet clustered round the manse.

The boat gone, the whustler had a chance. If only he had made a rush outwards, he could have snapped the tackle and been free. He did not think of that. Instead, he sauntered to and fro, now and then raising himself so high that I could see his tail slowly waving above the water in the moonlight. It waved sedately, and seemed like the tail of a tired whustler; but I had no bigotry on that score. Once, by way of rehearsing the final act, which was to go off in acclaim when Ronald came with the gaff, I tried to persuade him to come ashore. I was not successful. Although the rod bent into a semicircle, the whustler paid no heed. He went on his leisurely way as if nothing at all were happening. I had an uneasy thought that he was recruiting his energies in contemplation of a new campaign, and I longed for the return of the boat.

At length I heard the splash of oars and the sound of excited voices. In a few minutes Ronald and the Minister came ashore. I heard the rattle of a chain, and knew that the boat was being fastened.

'Hold hard, Ronald,' I called out. 'I'm coming aboard whenever I can get him round.'

'Takin' him oot to sea again!' said Ronald, aghast. 'Mercy on us! what for?'

'To tell you the truth, I don't know. I can't say when we'll get him into the boat; but I am certain we'll never get him into the shore. I've been trying to guide him in; but he won't come. Once or twice he has gone round and round this place, and then it looked as if I was conducting a circus. You wouldn't have me do that all night—and in a cemetery too? Besides, Ronald, if he bolts more than fifty yards we're done, for I can't follow him through the loch on my feet. We're safer in the boat.'

'Very well, sir,' Ronald answered, turning away with a sigh: 'I'll bring her round.'

We were now in a situation that required tact, skill, rapidity of judgment and of action. The whustler could not be expected to pause in his stroll for our convenience. Thus the boat had to

be 'brought round' not a few times, and to not a few places, before we were safely seated.

What was to be done next? I thought it would be well to put off gently and await the strategy of the whustler. That came with decision and energy. Apparently rendered suspicious by noticing that the slight strain on him came from a new quarter, he bolted like a torpedo. Helped a little by the reel giving up the line I had recovered, Ronald made a desperate but successful effort. The wild rush was soon over. Trouble, however, was to come. Obeying some strange instinct, the great fish was making for the Balvaig River, into which Loch Voil pours its excess. Inwardly I rebuked myself for having left the comfortable graveyard. There we might have spent a chill and cheerless night, with little hope that the dawn would herald in a brighter day; but if we were hauled or lured into the river the prospect would be nothing less than appalling. Had I not read in some scientific book that salmon travel mainly by moonlight, and at a speed which the best of human engines cannot attain? True, the man of science was speaking of salmon when running up rivers in the autumn floods; but he had not said that they do not go down to the sea in spring with any less celerity. What, then, if the whustler got into the Balvaig, which was in brawling amplitude from nearly a week of rain? The river has an almost straight run to the sea. In my startled imagination I beheld our craft, in tow of the whustler, passing Strathyre within ten minutes; Callander within another quarter of an hour. Rushing past Doone, ere long we should cross the romantic Allan Water, and be making full-steam-ahead for the Firth of Forth. Perhaps we might look in at St. Margaret's Hope or at the Port of Leith. There was no finality to the possibilities with which the situation was fraught. Once in the North Sea, if we did not turn into Tweed or Tyne, there would be no reason why we should not run up the Thames and make an involuntary appearance before the Terrace of the House of Commons.

It may be that I over-estimated the risks suggested by the tawny torrent of the Balvaig glittering in the light of the fuliginous moon. I know not. All I know is that when the potentialities of the case burst upon a mind excited by many hours of struggle and high hope, I resolved upon an uncompromising measure. Come what might, the whustler must not enter the rapids of the Balvaig. He must stay in Voil.

'Stop her, Ronald,' I said, in commanding voice, when, every inch of the line out, I saw the salmon meandering about very near the submerged sandbank over which the water of the loch was in motion towards the river.

Then, instead of holding the rod erect, as a sportsman should, I held it straight out. Followed a game of pull-devil-pull-baker. The real meaning of this phrase was unknown to me; and even now, recalling the events and the emotions of that night, I am too much enthralled to be fastidious in philology. The words seem to express what I wish to convey, which is that when the salmon pulled so did I. Above the clean yellow sandbank, in which pebbles were sparkling like diamonds, I saw him poking, poking, poking; moving sideways, about a foot at a time, as if seeking a place at which to dart across the shallows. At length he lost his temper. Ceasing to struggle in what may be called a straight-forward manner, he turned a lateral somersault, and rolled over. Now, cantrips of that kind are sometimes an indication that the game is up, and that practically all is over but the gaffing. On this occasion, however, one had to moderate one's transports. I did so by a mental railing of which I now repent. 'O, William F. Fisher, of Colorado Springs and the City of London, why, when you were foolin' around Noo York, didn't you buy me one of them tooboolar-steel telescopic poles, fit for tarpon, instead of this five-ounce proposition? A Dago, William F.—that's the kind of hair-pin You are!' It was touch-and-go with the whustler. Within a time which must have been short though it did not seem so, he rolled himself beyond the point, on the hither side of the sandbank, that was in a straight line with the southern rim of the river, and was once more in the motionless water of the loch. Along the shore he cruised, slowly, silently, and I think sadly. He may have been seeking for some definite thing. Ronald and the Minister thought so. On the other hand, he may have been dazed a little, and wandering at random. That was my belief. At any rate, it is not customary for a salmon to move into a brook in spring. That is what the whustler did. Coming to the mouth of a burn not more than three feet wide, he paused a moment as if pondering, and wriggled up.

Ronald pulled the boat ashore, leaped frantically out, squatted down in the burn at the mouth, took a knife from his pocket, and deliberately cut my line.

'Nabbit, nabbit!' he cried. 'She's nailed at last!'

'Is she?' I asked, nigh dumb with doubt and amazement.

'Ou, ay,' said Ronald in a tone of triumphant certitude. 'The Minister couldna' find the gaff, and I didna' like to tell ye that a' at aince. But the salmon's richt noo. Ye see, there's a high waterfall no' twenty yairds up among the trees there. She canna' get up that. Neither can she get doon to the loch again while I sit here, and that I'll do a' nicht. So she'll ha'e to stop in the pool. If the Minister's man will bring me a hay-fork at the sciech o' day—it winna' be long noo—I'll bring the whustler to the Big Hoose afore breakfast time.'

I pondered while lighting my pipe.

Yes: I would allow Ronald to do as he proposed. On our way homeward the Minister and I arranged to forget about the hay-fork. We would be up betimes and go back to the pool unarmed.

W. EARL HODGSON.

RUPERT, THE CAPTIVE OF LINZ.

WHERE the Danube breaks from its narrow gorge above Linz, the protesting mutter of the river must have risen to the prisoner on its banks like the note of his own unrest.

By day long pacing on the ramparts, by night long waking in the prison chamber guarded by 'mousqueteers and halberds'—so the hours passed for Rupert, Prince Palatine of the Rhine, son of Bohemia's Winter King. And still the beat of the river rising round him, changing, maybe, in his fancy to the beat of charging horse, the rush and recoil of battle.

Often enough must the young captive have leaned from the castle battlement, scanning the steel-bright chain of the Styrian Alps, and looking beyond them in dreams; across the war-wasted fields of Germany, or to where that other river, the Moldau, widens its slow current beneath the bridges of Prague, his birth-place. Or at night, bent above the drawing or the mechanical experiments wherewith he strove to wile the time—the lamplight full on the long curls and eager, thoughtful face which Van Dyck had painted—a face touched already by something of the Stuart shadow, for all its confident youth. What pageantries of peace and war swept between his intent dark eyes and the plans for that 'perspective machine' which he was completing from Dürer's design; what memories, holding him motionless while his white dog thrust a beseeching nose beneath his hand, and his tame hare peeped from the corner with timorous, trustful eyes.

And still the sound of the river keeping its sombre chorus to his thoughts. There had been little that was sombre in any man's forecast when Rupert was born in Prague, by the Moldau, December 18, 1619—born in a blaze of royalty, the brief light of which was to cast long shadows across his life. Frederic of the Pfalz had left his castle palace of Heidelberg, glowing red in its fretted stone above the silver windings of another stream, the Neckar, and had come as the champion of the Reformed Faith, the chosen of the Protestant princes, to accept the crown of Bohemia, to maintain it, moreover, against Ferdinand the Emperor, his generals and his Jesuits.

Prague gave royal welcome to its monarch. The stately old streets with their half oriental, half Gothic splendour of ornament, streets which remembered the fire of Huss's eloquence, which had echoed to the clank of Zizka's chained wagons and the roll of his sinister drum, rang with martial music and the cry of an acclaiming people. Banners blazed from pinnacle and wall; troops were marshalled in the ancient war gear of the Hussites, clashing their symbolic chalices as in the days when the Bohemians gathered to hear the voice of Master Peter Payne, who had brought from England the teaching of Wycliffe. From the Hradschin, from the ancient palace of the Bohemian kings, from the church of St. Veit, holding strange record in carving and colour of the many faiths, Catholic, Hussite, Lutheran, which had uplifted their symbols within its walls; even from that sombre, crowded quarter where the Jews, if tradition spoke true, had found shelter since the fall of their Holy City; from every part of Prague swelled the response and festival. The Karl's Bridge witnessed it—its pointed tower dominating the streets and holding guard over the gliding Moldau; the venerable church of St. George, which was to bear through the ages, carven on its high altar, the story of Frederic's flight.

So the King was crowned, and swore fealty to the laws of his people. The 'Administrator,' following the olden ritual, placed in his hand the sword he was to wield so weakly, and then the orb of kingship, bidding him remember it typified not kingly rule alone, but the mutability of all worldly power. Tilly was soon to teach the lesson in sterner fashion. Three days later Frederic's Queen, the beautiful Elizabeth of England, shared his royal honours: Elizabeth, who should have brought with her as a dower the strong friendship of England, but whose father, James I., that sagacious fool, looked askance on any revolt against established authority. The English ambassador, therefore, was very noticeably absent among the envoys of the nine friendly States who graced the coronation. None the less confidence prevailed, and while yet the glittering ice-wreath of the winter monarchy was unmelted, Rupert was born. The child's advent was made to serve political ends; Bethlem Gabor, the wild and wily ruler of Transylvania, was chosen his godfather, heedless of the fact that the sponsor was more nearly Mohammedan than either Catholic or Lutheran. Rupert was received from the font into the mailed hands of the Lusatian, Moravian, and Silesian

deputies, and declared future Grand Duke of Lithuania, the first of those shadowy possessions which were to keep him poor and landless all his life.

For the moment all was of brilliant augury, and the Moldau stealing its way through the city, more placidly than the Danube flowed past Rupert's Austrian prison, mirrored only regal pageantry, in which the proud Burgraves of Bohemia mingled with the knights errant who flocked to the Court of Elizabeth—already and always Queen of Hearts. But the day came when the patient river bore its part in a scene of discord ominous of graver disunion. Some of the fanatic Calvinists among Frederic's followers, urged on by his chaplain, Scultetus, found that the Protestant Bohemians whom they had come to befriend were guilty of superstitious and unreformed practices. Their wrath fixed itself on an ancient image which stood on one of the bridges, and was deeply revered by the townsfolk. Pagan, Roman, and Hussite had spared it, but the followers of Calvin sent the venerable relic into the sullen waters below, and from that time menacing murmurs began to swell in the city by the Moldau.

Frederic and his Queen might hold their royal state yet for a space; might ride a-hunting on the White Mountain hard by the town walls, all unknowing what other chase the Weissenberg was soon to witness.

Ferdinand meantime was not idle; his general Spinola overran the Palatinate. He had promises or threats for all. At length Maximilian of Bavaria set out with an army against the claimant to his kinsman's kingdom. He halted to demand and obtain the oaths of the Austrian estates—halted at the very town of Linz, from which Rupert in his imprisonment was to look back on his lost birthright. There came at length a day of headlong confusion and disaster when Frederic showed that he had learned one lesson at least of kingship, how to exact an unrequited and unavailing loyalty. The King of Bohemia—king still for a few brief hours—was feasting within the walls of Prague when the shots from the White Mountain thundered over the city. There on the field Anhalt was making his gallant onset against the Bavarian cavalry, and a delusive gleam brightened on the Bohemian banners. Frederic hastened to the walls to witness the victorious return of his army; he was in time to see the broken panic-struck fugitives huddle blindly in. The King fled with all the promptness with which he had not

advanced. Tilly, Bouquoy, and Duke Max were triumphant—and Bohemian independence was at an end.

A strange sermon indeed had been delivered on Scultetus's text: 'Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's,' from which he had been preaching at the moment when the Bavarian guns growled their ironic commentary.

And so, begun beneath the wandering star of a crown, Rupert's life, before a year of it was passed, grew acquainted with defeat and exile. Frederic had embarked his all on his venture and his all was lost. Tilly seized on Heidelberg, and the Palatinate was gone with Prague and kingship. After much comfortless wandering, during which time Prince Maurice was born, characteristically in the shadow, the royal fugitives found hospitable asylum in republican Holland. At the Hague Frederic brooded over his calamities, and the Queen of Hearts held her little Court of chivalrous adventurers and was still of her 'humour to be merry,' while Tilly branded his name on the seared sod of Magdeburg, while Wallenstein, mounting to the pinnacle of his power, read the signs of heaven and misread the signs of earth, and the princes of the Empire proved the value they set on religion and loyalty by the prices which they asked for abandoning them.

Small wonder that Rupert, as he grew into brilliant boyhood, turned with an instinctive passion to sword and pike, for the iron surges of war were sounding by the Rhine and Danube, across Saxony and Silesia. Frederic and his household never lost hope of regaining at least the Palatinate, if Bohemia were lost. English volunteers, of the Puritan persuasion largely, it must be owned, had from the first hour of kingship set out to fight for the Protestant champion. They had died for him in a grim, silent fashion at Frankenthal, the last of his Rhine possessions—as uselessly as those other English under the 'fantastic fatal Buckingham' died for their fellow Protestants at La Rochelle. And English sympathy turned always towards the exiled Palatines. On the Continent, too, the shifting chances of war might, it seemed, yet favour them. Wallenstein himself, Bohemian born as he was, turned sometimes, in secret, enigmatic fashion, towards Bohemia's titular King, from where he schemed and read the stars in the Prague palace which guarded so long his astrologer's chamber. Wallenstein, who had already served his master almost too mightily to be forgiven, but had scarcely yet been tempted by that dream of a crown which was to lure him

to win, instead of any royal purple, the crimson tapestry cast over his murdered body at Eger. Then against Ferdinand, plotting and praying for the Holy Catholic Church, came Gustavus Adolphus on a high wind of victory swept on from Breitenfeld to Lutzen. Frederic had joined the Swedish champion hoping all things from his triumph; and when at Lutzen that triumph was sealed with the victor's blood, Frederic, sick with camp fever and with hope deferred, died too, having nothing more to do on earth.

In spite of his inheritance of loss, the Prince's boyhood was lighthearted enough. 'Rupert is here, safe and sound, blithe and well,' wrote his brother on meeting the year-old child after an absence, and blithe and well Rupert continued to be. The group of high-spirited brothers and sisters made the Hague ring with their shouts and pranks, and grievously scandalised the Puritan deputations which came to offer their sympathies to the exiled Queen. The Protestant heart of England was still moved towards the Protestant champions, and had King James renounced his glittering dream of a Spanish match and given his support to their cause the history of his house might have been other than it was. Those ranks of earnest men, aglow with stern desire to strike a blow against the enemies of God and freedom, might have been enrolled for his daughter, not set in array against his son, and Rupert might have found himself the leader of those troops which were instead to oppose him on so many a field.

But James had negotiated and wavered and sent his army of 100,000 men, not soldiers but ambassadors, as said a pasquinade of the time; and Charles, succeeding his father, had his own difficulties and schemes to busy him. Elizabeth was not without her defenders: Duke Christian of Brunswick, Lay Bishop of Halberstadt, had set her glove upon his helmet, and Mansfeld, the soldier of fortune, espoused her cause; but these allies died too soon for her service. Craven, faithful to the far-off end, bore on his banner the device, 'For God and for Her.' In spite of which devotion and the generous help of Holland, Elizabeth knew much stress and hardship. She almost literally fulfilled the impetuous words in which she is said to have declared that she would rather eat dry bread with a king than feast at an elector's table.

It was a gifted group of children which grew up around her during those troubled days, and Rupert played a foremost part among them. He was his frank and fearless self from earliest days. Among the weighty documents handed down from that

time is preserved the album of a Countess of Langebruck—probably one of Elizabeth's ladies—in which the eight-year-old Prince was beguiled to write. 'Constant and sincere,' he set there as his motto, and signed his name in its stately Latin form 'Rupertus'! Never was device more worthily worn. That Rupertus it is who in his child portraits looks valiantly and wistfully out to the coming struggles—which were all to be victories then. From his play days at the Hague Rupert passed to his studies at Leyden, that town of heroic memories. He turned from his books, however, to perfect himself in all manner of martial exercises, and neglected Greek and Latin for the languages of those countries in which he might one day lead armies. At fourteen he was held capable of commanding a regiment, and had already distinguished himself in a 'Passage of Arms' held at the Hague. At sixteen he enrolled himself as a volunteer in the Prince of Orange's Life Guard, rejecting any higher post in favour of the hardships and duties of a private soldier. The Dutch were in alliance with the French, the ambition of the terrible Red Cardinal Richelieu for a Rhine frontier having moved him to that most heretical combination. Among the Prince's *frères d'armes* was the young Turenne, on his way to triumph which Rupert was not to share, and infamy to which he could not have stooped.

After this campaign—in which, unsatisfactory though it proved, Rupert found many congenial opportunities for running himself into danger—he followed his brother Charles Louis, now the Prince Elector, on a visit to the Court of Charles I., which he reached in December 1635. Oftenest in his solitary musings Rupert's memory must have turned to his brief, bright English sojourn. That visit to his uncle's Court was an opening into a wider world which yet was more a home to him than any he had known. Hunting in the sunflecked Windsor woods, till the sun glints lengthened to level golden spears and day was done; drifting on the Thames, river of revelry that it then was, amid music and laughter—the hours slipped quickly by in such gay dalliance. But Rupert was not one even then to drift through life. He had plans in plenty, and while Charles Louis was trying to gain help for another attempt on the Palatinate he was deep in dreams of a Vice-Royalty in Madagascar. The scheme was alluring enough, 'scenting of rich gums,' but it was never realised. Years counting a generation were to pass before Rupert sailed those far off fabled waters, amid the driftwood of a kingdom.

Meantime there were other interests. Notably there was the circle about the Queen, with its gaiety and its malice, its perfumed subtleties and snares. The young courtier, point-device doubtless in his velvet and lace, with his long curls unruffled round the delicate high-bred face, won the unqualified approval of Henrietta Maria, who bent all her energies to converting him. And she was not alone in her designs upon the Prince. Archbishop Laud, zealous as ever, and as ever blind in his zeal to every man's ideal but his own, would have made a Bishop of him—a member of the Church Militant he was like to have proved. But the captive at Linz may well have forgotten courtiers and churchman to revisit in remembrance Vandyck's studio at Blackfriars. What face was it dawning out on the half-finished canvas? The King's, with its strange blending of reserve and appeal, or Wentworth's weighted brow and fate-fronting eyes? Or perhaps the mask-like countenance of Lucy Lady Carlisle, withholding more than revealing the perilous charm which even Sir Anthony could not catch. Van Dyck painted the Prince himself in those days, in buff coat and gorget, but with a debonair grace which spoke little of war's grim reality; one hand laid daintily on the sword-hilt he was to grasp soon in far other fashion. Another remembered visit was that to Oxford, where the King and Prince were entertained by Laud at St. John's, and where Rupert 'in scarlet robes' received academic honours. Rupert was to wear scarlet in another fashion in Oxford, when the venerable quadrangle resounded to his unsubdued soldier tread.

Few there were in those peaceful days to take note of the threatening undercurrents beneath the tide which flowed so smoothly. England was still outwardly sunning itself in that ten years' 'excellent composure' so wistfully recorded by Clarendon, yet there were not lacking signs of the coming storm. During the Prince's visit came on the famous ship-money trial in which Hampden lost his twenty shillings and won the trust of a people. While a commoner at Oxford Hampden had been selected to write an ode on the marriage of Princess Elizabeth and Frederic of the Rhine:

Ut surgat inde proles
Cui nulla terra, nulla gens sit parem datura,

the young scholar had written. England and Hampden had in the coming days good cause to know that the prayer for offspring

was granted. Not far from Oxford a placid harvest field was waiting the hour when, amid the standing corn, Rupert, born of that marriage, should meet with Hampden who had celebrated it, in the thick of the conflict which the Puritan's resolute action had done so much to hasten. And from that encounter only one of the two leaders was to ride to further combat. But as yet Chalgrove Field bore no such grim harvest, and the Prince in his courtly idleness was little likely to take note of the trial which was helping sow the seed.

The hunting came to a close, the masques were played, and the last touches put to Van Dyck's portrait of his Highness. And Rupert, having been created neither Viceroy nor Archbishop, made ready to depart. The Prince was in a melancholy mood in his last hunt with the King, and being still of an age to ride down regrets he doubtless spurred his great horse sharply enough, till the gallant creature fretted at the bridle, the long mane blown all about the stately curve of his neck, and the falcon on his rider's wrist shook her feathers and jingled her bells in response. 'Both the brothers went away very unwillingly,' so wrote Garrard to the Lord Deputy in Ireland, 'but Prince Rupert expressed it most, for, being a-hunting that morning with the King, he wished he might break his neck and so leave his bones in England.'

Wentworth among his state papers in Dublin Castle, laying deep and broad the foundations on which he should not live to build, may have smiled in passing at the impetuous boy's speech. He could scarce have divined, for all his prescient glance, that the princely lad of whom Garrard wrote was to be after a fashion the inheritor of his own frustrate work—was to be 'thorough' too, in a gallant precipitate way, was to bend his head to that same heaviest yoke—the service of strength to weakness.

So Hampden went on his steadfast way, Laud reared his dreams of church unity and authority in the face of a resistant people; Wentworth, with his fiery spirit and brooding mind, laboured on, moulding a world out of chaos in Ireland, bearing the weariness of a nation's burdens, and winning the hatred of a people he would have compelled into content. And Rupert, whose day in England was not yet come, went back to draw sword for the Palatinate.

While Charles Louis was arranging plans of co-operation with the Swedes, Rupert, his soldier spirit fairly roused, filled the pause by a visit to the Prince of Orange then besieging Breda.

The Palsgrave found there amusements to compensate fully for the courtly entertainments at Whitehall. Joining in every skirmish and attack, reconnoitring through the mist and darkness close under the old red gables and walls of the besieged town—in such pastimes Rupert was even more at home than watching Ben Jonson's masques or Sir Anthony's pencil. On one of the independent expeditions he and his brother Maurice—then and thenceforward his loyal companion—had the good fortune to detect a threatened sortie in time to put the Hollanders on their guard. He rewarded himself for this exploit by taking part in a hazardous attack on a horn work in serene defiance of the Prince of Orange, who for his mother's sake had forbidden the boy a post of such peril. The daring—and the indiscipline—were not without presage for Rupert's future.

Breda fell, and the Prince made ready for a forlorn hope indeed—the attempt to regain the Palatinate with some four thousand men, challenging the force of an Empire. Charles Louis and his allies the Swedes marched together, and the little army suffered the evils of a divided command. General King led the Swedes—King, to be met years later at Marston Moor. Königs-marck was at the head, if head there were, of the Palatine forces, where Rupert commanded one regiment of cavalry. Among his comrades were many who were to charge with him on English battlefields, and the chivalrous Lord Craven, vowed in a lifetime's devotion to the Queen of Hearts, accompanied her sons on their venture.

The little army moved gallantly southward in all the pomp of old-world warfare: the great horses with their measured pride of movement, the riders with cuirass or gorget over the stout buff coat, the high boots drawn far above the knee and armed with formidable spurs, the long straight sword slung from the shoulder belt which crossed the bandolier, and at the saddlebow pistols, and perhaps a short deadly battle-axe. And, blending with the purposeful gleam of steel, the braveries of scarf and plume—irrelevant daintiness of silk and jewels and lace.

On the march Rupert, who led the advance, turned aside to fling a wilful challenge at the strong town of Rhennius. He succeeded in provoking a rush of cavalry from the town of double his force, and in driving them headlong back with the first thrust of his resistless charge.

Stern encounters awaited the Palatines. Near Lemgo they

met with the Imperialist army. King and Königsmarck quarrelled over their choice of ground, and inefficiency if not treachery had half done the work of defeat before the first clash of countering steel. As the troops were finally drawn up, in a narrow defile, Rupert's regiment was the third, Loe's and Ferentz's being stationed in front and Königsmarck himself snugly ensconced in the rear. The Imperial cuirassiers attacked, bearing down in one iron onslaught on Loe's regiment, scattering it in a moment and carrying away Ferentz's in augmented disarray. Rupert did not await his turn. Catching up his men in a passion responsive to his own, he hurled them on the advancing enemy and the two charges reeled for an endless instant in the full shock of meeting. An instant—the next, Rupert had prevailed; the conquering Bavarian Horse broke before him, and he was cleaving his way into the thick of the hostile army. Such was the effect of that sudden charge that, strongly supported, it might well have won the day for the Palatines, outnumbered though they were. But it was not supported. A fresh body of Austrian troops hastened up, and the Prince found himself struggling against ten-fold odds. King and the Elector remained safely aloof; Craven and his guards appeared in time to prolong the conflict, and, desperately fighting, the Palatine troops regained the mouth of the pass, where a heavy flank attack shattered their remaining strength. Rupert's fate of swift triumph and final defeat was upon him even then. He himself fought on singly as he could amid the deadly tumult and panic, and once and twice had almost cut his path to safety. From his last chance he turned aside to strike a blow for his brother the Elector's standard, which was on the eve of capture. The Elector himself was not within reach of any such risk. Rupert's horse failed him at this renewed demand. Wearied out it sank beneath him, bearing its rider to the ground. Still unwounded and still unvanquished, Rupert stood alone, and the sheer sullen force of numbers beat him down at last.

'A Colonel,' he gave curt answer to the demands of his captors. 'A young one!' was Lipp's equally brief retort, as he struck up the prisoner's vizor. But soon the Palsgrave was recognised and had in safe ward. Craven shared his captivity, and half of the little army lay dead on the field scattered among spent shot and splintered steel. Charles Louis and King had fled in very good time and were safe, though the Elector's coach over-

turning in the Weser, he had narrowly escaped the fate of the waters which overhung his house.

That was the last of the shifting scenes on which Rupert looked back from his prison. Once recognised, he was closely guarded—placed under the charge of that Devereux who had helped to bring Wallenstein 'from life to death,' as his murderers, taking oath for the deed, had phrased it with a grim exactitude.

The great Imperial General had been held magically proof against shot and steel . . . till the pikes of the assassins disproved his invulnerability. And in like manner the soldiers who had witnessed Rupert's hours of desperate combat pronounced him '*fest*,' a belief which later battles did not dispel.

After those crowded moments of strife, the clangour, the cross lights of steel and fire, came the closing in of silence and shadow to endure unbroken for years. Rupert's intrepid spirit was face to face with a test than which perhaps only one harder confronted him in after time. The Prince Palatine had proved himself one to be reckoned with, and the Emperor—Ferdinand III., for Ferdinand of Gratz, Frederic's enemy, was dead—showed strange solicitude in his treatment of him. Free him he would not, as an enemy, but as a sworn friend and servant of the Empire, a convert to the Catholic Church, Rupert might seek what advancement he would at the Imperial Court. And Rupert, who had looked kindly enough on Catholicism while Henrietta Maria was trying to win him by all gentle means, steeled himself in a resolve which was as much for honour as religion. Change his faith he would not; confess himself at fault for aiding his brother's venture he would not. He could and would endure rather the long captive days, keeping himself alive and alert as he best might with work and memories and hope against the rusting suspense and loneliness.

And still the slowly widening, slowly calming currents of the Danube swept by, sea-blue, storm-grey, between their wooded banks, on their way to freedom and the Euxine sea. And still the monotone of the river kept time to the slipping by of the changing seasons in unchanged captivity. Sometimes the prison bonds were so far relaxed as to permit a brief absence on parole, sometimes straitened to the limits of one guarded room. But whether hunting, in a mocking semblance of freedom, among the mighty woods by the Danube or watching the slow moving slant of light burnish the armour of his guards in the heart of the strong castle, it was still imprisonment, while, outside, men were free to spur and sword and the world for a tilt-yard.

Some one weariest day it must have been, where all were weary enough, that Rupert, pushing aside his drawings, wandered out, whether to exercise his marksmanship in the castle garden, a pastime now and then allowed him, or to look wistfully at the great fort guns, speaking dumb war from their brazen jaws. And in his moody paces up and down he met with no martial encounter, but with the gentle Marie von Kuffstein, the Governor's daughter, 'no less excelling in her mind than her fair body' says the old chronicler.

Thenceforward the Prince had another companion besides his famous white dog Boye, and Graf von Kuffstein grew more gracious towards his prisoner. Rupert doubtless had much to tell, of Court and camp, of high endeavour and frustrate hope. Marie listened in quick response, and sometimes, perhaps, lost the details of storm and ambuscade in watching the princely figure beside her, the proud face grown graver in the prisoned years, the keen eyes softened at moments from their defiant brightness, and the sensitive lips set firm.

Their talk drifts from us, caught away on the river breeze that blew round them so long ago, leaving only a glimpse of the two figures in the twilight of the old castle rooms or against the sunset sky which they must have watched from the ramparts above the Danube. It is not easy to divine how much is told in Rupert's 'never naming her without admiraçon, and expressing a devotion to serve her with his lyfe.' So much he might have said in knightly recognition of womanly sympathy. Yet from that time he seems to have put from him the thought of marriage. Mademoiselle de Rohan, the great Huguenot heiress who had been half wooed for Rupert by his friends, was for long to remain vainly loyal to her dream of the imprisoned Prince, whom it 'would be a "*lascheté*" to forsake because of his misfortune.'

For all this solace the months must have passed heavily as they rolled on into years and it seemed that life would never move swiftly and freely again. Rupert had occasionally been allowed to receive guests, bringing echoes of the outer world in their swift spurred tread, and among them was the Archduke Leopold of Austria. The Palsgrave so won upon this chance visitant as to find in him a lifelong friend, who soon did him good service at the Emperor's Court. But before such help could avail there came a period of extreme rigour. Ferdinand, irritated by a renewed refusal of his terms and worked on by the Duke of Bavaria—Maximilian of the battle at the Weissenberg—revoked

all indulgences granted to his prisoner. Night and day Rupert was kept under the eyes of his guards; day and night passed with no voice reaching him save that of the river.

The Prince had not been forgotten by his kinsfolk during the years of separation. Frequent though fruitless efforts had been made for his release, and the time was now come for King Charles to set himself more earnestly to the task. He had need of a soldier at his side. For the long threatening unrest in England had broken into storm at last. The miserable Scottish war had been fought and lost, or lost through not fighting. The Long Parliament had met in a spirit of implacable resolve, and Strafford, first and noblest victim, had bowed his head proudly to the block. Both sides were bravely yet reluctantly making ready for 'warre, an appeal to heaven when justice cannot be had on earth.'

And war was sweeping up against the walls of Linz. The French and Swedes, united for the hour, made ready to attack the town, Maurice hastening to their army on the chance of being near his brother. Archduke Leopold took command of town and castle, and while there saw much of the Prince, who must have listened to the nearing sounds of strife with fiery eagerness. When Leopold defeated his antagonists—defeat them he did—and returned to Vienna, he appeared there as a staunch champion of Rupert's cause. So after no little intrigue among the parties at the Imperial Court the terms of release were arranged. The Palsgrave renounced neither faith nor allegiance. He was but to undertake not to draw sword against the Emperor. A formal document was at first demanded, but on Rupert's quick scorn for such 'lawyer's business' he was asked to promise but by word and handgrasp.

It was still needful that he should meet with Ferdinand, who was then hunting not far from Linz. A last three days' parole was accorded, and Rupert set out to join the Emperor. He overtook him at the very climax of the chase, tracking him perhaps by the music of the horn, and broke through the forest greenery just as the boar turned at bay on the eager yet pausing huntsmen. Rupert spurred his horse for the quarry, which died upon his spear. Then he wheeled to kiss the hand of the Emperor, and ended his ride through the woodland gleams and shades as a free man. One more brief glimpse of Linz, a farewell to say, it may be, and then liberty and other currents than those of the Danube.

DORA GREENWELL MCCHESENEY.

FIVE TIMES ARRAIGNED FOR TREASON.

In the autumn of 1899 I spent three weeks in Switzerland with my friend the late Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. He was then eighty-three years of age, but full of intellectual vigour. Youthful in mind and manner, a more genial host or a pleasanter companion (at his best) could not be desired. Duffy had a wide experience of men and books, and possessed a special faculty for collecting and telling good stories. He was the best *raconteur* I, at all events, ever met. He had a keen sense of humour, a ready, and caustic wit. 'What place will you give me in your ministry, Mr. Duffy?' a charming young woman once said to him in Melbourne. 'Indeed,' replied Duffy, 'considering that the last Government consisted of old women, we might have one young woman at least in the present ministry.'

Born in 1816, and dying in 1903, his life covered an eventful period of Irish and of English history. One of the founders of the Young Ireland party, tried as a rebel, Prime Minister of Victoria, and ultimately Speaker of the Legislative Assembly in that Colony, he passed through many vicissitudes. I have before me a letter which Duffy, on the occasion of forming his first ministry, wrote to his friend John Cashel Hoey.

Chief Secretary's Office, Melbourne: July 14th, 1871.

My dear Hoey,—I have such a strange story to tell you that it will need your unswerving friendship not to take it for a romance. When I commenced to frame an administration the two first men I communicated with, who hitherto have been, and been proud to be, lieutenants of mine, advised that I should put a respectable nonentity at the head of the Government (taking any other place I thought proper) to avoid the rooted prejudice against having an Irish Catholic in that position. I replied that I would see the Parliament of Victoria translated wholesale to Pandemonium before I would consent to degrade my race and people by permitting the Emancipation Act to be repealed in my person. They declined to act, and the next person I addressed had the same tale. These gentlemen even had their man ready, and recommended him to me for his feebleness, 'which would leave me virtual, &c. &c.' I washed my hands of these feeble friends and formed a Government every member of which indeed, except the Law Officers, had been in office before, but only two of whom had much reputation for ability. I was met with a cry in which 'No popery' yells mingled with a laugh of derision. Nevertheless on the day I met my constituents the anxiety to hear the policy of the Government was something without parallel. Every journal in the Colony telegraphed the speech or a summary of it; a

number of M.P.'s made a long journey to be present, and the place of meeting was full to bursting. I send you the speech, and you will wonder, as I do, what people found in it; but the *immediate* effect was to array a majority of the whole people on our side, to change the tone of the entire press except the *Argus* and a little penny parasite of the *Argus* called the *Daily Telegraph*, and to place the administration by common consent in an unassailable position. It was of course *the policy* which produced this effect. We have had invitations to Banquets, and other public entertainments in the principal towns in the Colony, all the ministers then in office were elected without opposition, which has never happened before in this Colony (one of the Law Officers since chosen has still his election to win), and I have had the audacity for the first time to place *three* Catholics in the administration, relying on the favour of the people to overcome their prejudice. I am willing to admit that I have never had a success before if you choose, but this time I have hit the centre of the target. Unless I commit some blunder a dissolution would give me as good a majority as Gladstone got in the Irish Church; and I will carry out the policy which has satisfied the people without delay or hesitation.

There now, after that tremendous blast on the trumpet, I have done.

Twenty-three years before this letter was written Duffy stood in the dock in Green Street, Dublin, arraigned for Treason. Walking one day in the grounds in Sonnenburg, above Lucerne, Duffy turned suddenly to me and said, 'Do you remember my trial?' I said I did not. 'Then you ought to be shot.' I admitted the fact and said, 'Well, tell me all about it now;' and Duffy with characteristic directness plunged *in medias res*.

'The Government was determined that whoever might escape I should be convicted. Indeed, the frigate which was to take me to Van Diemen's Land was already named by the officials of the Castle. In August 1848 I was put upon my trial. The charge was Treason Felony. As I stood in the dock waiting for the jury to be empanelled, the junior counsel for the Crown came quickly into court, dashed up to the Attorney-General, said something hurriedly to him; then there was a consultation of the Crown lawyers, and the Attorney-General rose and said: "My Lord, I shall ask to have the prisoner Gavan Duffy put back; we do not propose going on with the trial this sitting." I was amazed, could not make out what it meant. Sir Colman O'Loughlen (one of my counsel) came to me. I said, "What is the meaning of this?" He replied, "They have found a letter of yours in Smith O'Brien's portmanteau, and they think that it gives them a chance of indicting you for High Treason." The letter which they thought would condemn me turned out to be my salvation in postponing my trial and leading the Castle into a succession of pitfalls. The Government thought that they might be able to

hang instead of transporting me. I was accordingly put back. In October 1848 I was put forward again. Up to the night before the opening of the Commission I did not know what I was to be tried for or where I was to be tried. On the morning O'Loghlen came to me in prison. "Would you like to have your trial postponed again?" he said. "Certainly," I said, "if they play the game of postponement we will play it too." "Well," said O'Loghlen, "they can't try you to-day, because, in order to get a safer jury, they have transferred you from the City to the County, and they have failed to give the necessary notice." The Government thought that a jury of County Dublin squires would be more reliable than a jury of Dublin tradesmen. When we came into court, Butt, my leading counsel, rose and asked in his bland and pleasant way, "In whose custody is Mr. Duffy, my Lord?" "Why, of course, Mr. Butt," said the Judge, "in the custody of the Sheriff." "But, my Lord, which Sheriff?" The Judge having asked for the Calendar, replied, "The Sheriff of the County Dublin." "Then, my Lord," said Butt, "the trial can't go on. This is a change of venue. We are entitled to ten days' notice. We have not received ten days' notice or one day's notice." The point was argued. But the judges had to decide in favour of Butt, and I was again put back.

'In December I was put forward again. The indictment was the longest which, I believe, was ever seen. It was a hundred feet of parchment. There was a new count charging me with inciting Smith O'Brien to rebellion. My counsel attacked the indictment count by count and riddled it. The judges ruled that four out of the six counts were bad in law. When the indictment was reduced to this condition, Butt said, "My Lord, we are now ready to go on." But the Crown said there was no necessity to go on; that as I had demurred I had admitted the facts, and all that was necessary now was to pass sentence. Butt protested, saying that in cases of High Treason the prisoner could plead as well as demur, and that the same rule applied to Treason Felony. The Crown denied this, and the point was hotly contested. Ultimately the judges decided in favour of Butt. "But," said the judges, "we cannot go on with the case now because we have arrangements which call us elsewhere, and the sittings must be adjourned," and so I was put down for the third time.

'In February 1849 I was put up for the fourth time. We did not get a copy of the panel, so I had no materials for preparing my

challenges, but when the names were read out in court, Butt challenged the array, and while the arguments were proceeding I had copies of the panel taken and printed, and I sent them round to my friends to get information about the jurors. On the panel was the name of Martin Burke. Burke was a Catholic, but hostile to the National Cause, and wholly under the influence of the Castle.

‘A tame Catholic,’ I interjected.

‘Exactly. That the Crown would put him on the jury was likely enough. His presence would give a colour of impartiality, while in reality I would be as safe in the hands of any Protestant. That we should object to Martin Burke went without saying. But on the morning of the trial Mrs. — called on me with a message from Mrs. Burke. “Don’t object to Martin, whatever you do. Don’t let your counsel object. Let him go on the jury. My daughter and I will be in court, and we will sit opposite the jury box.” That was enough for me. Martin Burke was called. Butt wanted to object, but I said “No.” O’Loghlen told me that Butt would object on his own responsibility, as he considered the exclusion of Martin Burke vital, but I insisted that Martin Burke should not be challenged. I said, I shall take all the responsibility; let the consequences be on my head. And Burke was sworn. The jury was soon empanelled and the trial began. Butt fought like a lion, as he did all the time. In due course the jury retired to consider their verdict. When they returned to court the Foreman said that they could not agree. Eleven were for a conviction, one, Martin Burke, was for an acquittal. The jury were locked up for the night, but Martin Burke held out. In the morning the jury were discharged. I thought that I should be discharged too, after eight months’ imprisonment and all the abortive attempts which had been made to bring me to book. But the Crown was resolved to keep me in its clutches, and I was again put back.

‘In April 1849, after I had been ten months in jail, I was put up once more. This was the strangest trial of all. All the other Young Irelanders had been tried by common juries. It was the rule to try felony cases by common juries. But the Crown was now resolved to try me by a special jury, believing that such a jury would be sure to convict. Now special jurors are drawn from the same class as grand jurors, and, as you know, a grand juror who has found a true bill against a prisoner cannot sit

on the petty jury which is to try him. So many indictments had been sent up against me that several special jurors were disqualified from trying me because they had sat on the grand juries that considered these indictments. That was point number one. Again, several of the special jurors resided out of Dublin, and it was necessary that the jury which was to try me should consist of residents of the City of Dublin, where my offence was committed. Thirdly, Butt argued successfully that no one over sixty years of age could serve on a jury. He said it was not a question of option, but compulsion, and so the Court ruled.

The special jury panel contained 170 names. Of these only ninety attended, despite heavy fines. The prisoner was entitled to challenge twenty peremptorily, which we did. This reduced the number to seventy. Three were away through illness—"sick," a witty barrister said, "of the Queen against Gavan Duffy." Sixty-seven names then remained from which to select a jury. The empanelling of the jury gave rise to great merriment. A juror was called. He stepped into the box and took the book. Butt rose, and with a genial smile said, "May I ask, sir, if you served on any of the grand juries which found a true bill against the prisoner?" The juror answered "Yes." "Very sorry, sir," said Butt, "that we cannot have your services in this case, but I must ask you to stand aside," and he waved the juror out of the box. Another and another and another came forward, to be asked the same question and to disappear the same way. At length a juror came forward who had not been on any of the grand juries. Butt said, "May I ask, sir, where you reside?" The juror said, "In Blackrock." "Very sorry, sir," said Butt, "that we cannot have you in the case, but you live out of the district." Another came who lived in Rathfarnham, another who lived in Kingstown, until a score was disposed of. Then someone was called who had not served on any of the grand juries, and who did not live out of the district. "May I ask, sir," said Butt, "if you are over sixty years of age?" And the juror answered, "Yes." "Very sorry, sir," said Butt, "that we cannot have the benefit of your experience in this trial, but I must ask you to stand aside." Finally the list was so attenuated by this process that the Crown was forced to put on the jury Catholics who were not "tame" and Protestants who were Liberal. Then the trial went on. It was Good Friday and long after nightfall.

The jury retired to consider their verdict, and I was permitted to retire too. I was sent for at midnight, and came back to find the court crowded in every part. The Sheriff was sent to the jury-room to ask if the jury were ready. He came back in ten minutes to say they were writing their verdict. Then they came in, conferred with the Sheriff, and the Sheriff announced that they could not agree. There were six for a conviction and six for an acquittal. They were locked up for the rest of the night. When they came into court next morning the foreman said that they had not agreed and that there was no chance of their agreeing. There were seven now for an acquittal and five for a conviction. The Crown lawyers put their heads together, the judges deliberated, the jury was discharged, and—I was let out on bail.'

Over a quarter of a century later Duffy had to defend his Government in Victoria against a vote of censure. He was attacked himself as an Irish rebel. He replied in a memorable speech:

'I will soon have to account for my whole life, and I feel that it has been defaced by many sins and shortcomings; but there is one portion of it I must except from this censure. I can say without fear, and without impiety, that when I am called before the Judge of all men I shall not fear to answer for my Irish career. I did what I believed best for Ireland, without any relation to its effect on myself. I am challenged to justify myself for having been an Irish rebel, under penalty of your fatal censure; and I am content to reply that the recollection that when my native country was in mortal peril I was among those who staked life for her deliverance is a memory I would not exchange for anything that parliaments or sovereigns can give or take away.'

R. BARRY O'BRIEN.

PROVINCIAL LETTERS.

XII. WESTMINSTER.

WESTMINSTER means many different things to different people. To the newly constituted municipality it means, of course, themselves; and in the second place, the miles of streets, all carefully labelled 'City of Westminster,' over which they preside: a city rich above the dreams of avarice, and even rated at a sum of not less than five millions sterling. To some few others again Westminster means the Houses of Parliament; but these are chiefly the members of the House of Commons, with their wives and sisters, and their reporters in the daily press. To a larger and more interesting body of Englishmen, Westminster means the ancient school, coeval with the College of Canons, 'in which of old they wore the gown,' or did not wear it, as the case may be. To the majority of Londoners, it means that cluster of buildings at the bottom of Parliament Street, where the 'buses stop and then divagate either over 'Westmin-i-ster' Bridge to Waterloo Station, or past St. Margaret's Church to the so-called Army and Navy Stores. But to the great heart of England represented by country cousins, and still more to the still greater organ that palpitates in the breast of our daughter (or as Mr. Choate prefers to say 'our sister') of America, Westminster means none of these things, but that venerable pile, once part of the Benedictine Abbey, and now the Collegiate Church of St. Peter.

The CORNHILL MAGAZINE, which reflects so excellently the better feelings of Englishmen when they are at leisure from idle politics, has on several occasions lately given expression to the affection and admiration universally felt for this ancient building and its national and imperial associations. In July 1902 a Canon of the present Chapter discoursed eloquently on the relation of the Abbey to the Empire, and in December of the same year Mrs. Margaret Woods sang a dirge over the mighty dead whose bones lie buried in this 'shrine of a world.' The intention of the present writer is not to emulate these panegyrists, but to chronicle a recent visit paid to the familiar sanctuary, with the reflections it occasioned. The first reflection was of the discomfort in walking

about the nave, owing to the chairs provided for the Sunday evening service. It seems to be the custom in June and July to have morning and afternoon services in the choir and an evening service in the nave. I interrogated the verger, a very intelligent man, as to the reason of the change, and he was at a loss. It had always been so since Dean Stanley's time. I asked if more people could be accommodated in the nave than in the choir, and he said no. When I pressed him for a reason for making a change which must involve a good deal of work for the abbey officials he replied with hesitation that he thought the idea originally was to attract a less respectable class of the population; but that there was practically no difference; and he thought the change was still continued in order to use the choir air for the afternoon service and the nave air for the evening, the system of ventilation being imperfect. It seemed unkind to ask whether a congregation wanted more air in summer than in winter, and so the subject dropped. I was glad to notice that the hideous nave pulpit, said to have been built by a mason 'after' Sir Gilbert Scott's design, had given place to a sixteenth century wooden pulpit with particularly fine linen pattern carving. My verger said the Abbey tradition was that Cranmer had preached from it at the Coronation of Edward VI. It occurred to me that the desire to use this historic pulpit might be one reason for continuing nave services. It was very interesting to watch other sightseers, as they roamed at will, and to notice what attracted them. Everybody looked at Livingstone's grave and at the good Lord Shaftesbury's statue. Everybody also seemed fascinated by the group representing Charles James Fox in act of being shampooed by a negro at a Turkish bath. A few went to examine Newton's tomb, probably to find out what the hemispherical protuberance meant on which a young lady is perched, and whether it was the philosopher who was teaching mathematics to the little angels or they to him. The kind verger called my attention to the beautiful shields of founders and benefactors¹ along the arcading, so much of which, as he pointed out, had been cut away to make room for monuments—'ruthlessly' was his word—and I rejoiced that the public should have the services of such instructed *ciceroni*. We agreed also in deploring the modern glass. I suggested that the services of young Mr. Kensit should be enlisted for an afternoon

¹ In the Confessor's arms on one of these shields the five martlets, if they are martlets, have feet instead of the usual stumps.

and pointed out certain things that might, for the purpose, be considered papistical. It is odd that the best window in the Abbey, after mediæval times, should be the great West window erected in the benighted age of George II.

Looking round the nave and the transepts before passing the barrier into the royal chapels, I tried to formulate some opinion about what ought to be the policy of a dictator—some new Cromwell—who could wield a free hand for a week among the monuments. I found it very difficult to come to a decision. The most beautiful monuments belonged to quite unimportant people, who were and did and suffered in the seventeenth century, and had enough influence at Court to secure a grave in the royal precinct. It would be sheer vandalism to destroy these, however generally uninteresting.

On the other hand, the most absurd monuments were some erected to men of mark, whose names ought ever to be kept green in popular memory. I have mentioned Fox's tomb, which is perhaps the most ridiculous in the Abbey; but others run it hard—the naked figure of General Wolfe supported by one of his staff in full regimentals and receiving a crown from Victory; William Wilberforce apparently listening to Sheridan telling a comic tale, and contorting his features in the endeavour not to laugh; the Sir Cloudesley Shovell in periwig and Roman toga which excited the mirth even of contemporaries; and all the monuments erected by the East India Company, with palm-trees and other tropical exuberances, to the memory of great soldiers, like Sir Eyre Coote. From the point of view of good taste a dictator would be justified in dismissing these and many more to the stone-mason's yard; but there is another point of view. A Frenchman who visited the Abbey in 1788, after expressing his opinion about the sculpture with some candour, recounts how he saw an Englishman standing before one of the worst tombs and telling his son the story of the hero commemorated, while the boy's eye brightened and his cheek turned pale with excitement. We cannot afford, then, to banish General Wolfe and Sir Cloudesley Shovell—even to the triforium. There are nevertheless a few changes that might be made with advantage. The monstrous statue of James Watt should be transferred to the open air; a site could easily be found in front of some technical museum, and the Government who gave the statue could hardly refuse permission for the transfer. Then every monument fixed to a pillar should be moved, as they have all been

moved in the Temple Church. There are not very many, but what there are seriously interfere with the architectural beauty. Above all, something should be done about the busts. In Dean Stanley's time they multiplied exceedingly, and that much-loved man of genius, being totally devoid of æsthetic appreciation, allowed them to be mounted on brackets and stuck at every corner. Now, a bust on a bracket is always ridiculous; and when the bracket is let in to a column—apart from the outrage—the bust becomes more ridiculous still, as it becomes more obtrusive. The busts of Archbishop Tait, Longfellow, Tennyson, Thirlwall, and Grote are the chief offenders, and, as they are all busts of important people, their position deserves careful reconsideration for their own sake. The proximity of the bust of Dryden, fine in itself, and finely treated, makes the moral easy to draw.

The circuit of the royal chapels is one of the most fascinating walks in Christendom and it needs no description. My own favourite monument is the Lady Margaret in the south aisle of Henry the Seventh's chapel, a beautiful bronze recumbent statue with the most expressive hands in the world. Above it hangs, what was new to me, a bronze medallion of Sir Thomas Lovell—not Lovell the dog—but a Lovell who was on the winning side in those unhappy wars, and became Chancellor of the Exchequer to Henry. It was he who built the gateway of Lincoln's Inn, which still bears his arms, and, we may hope, may long continue to do so, as it has escaped the restoring energy of Lord Grimthorpe. The plaque, I was informed, is a recent gift from Sir Charles Robinson. In the central shrine I found great changes. The Coronation Chair, with the fateful stone of Scone, was mounted on a pedestal; so that no modern Sir Roger de Coverley could be tricked by a greedy verger into sitting in it. But what impressed me most was a terra-cotta coloured pall which covered the upper part of the shrine itself. I was told that this had been made for the recent Coronation, and was allowed to remain as a mark of honour to the royal founder—the Edward after whom our long line of kings has been named. I suppose the shrine was once very magnificently covered with gilded tabernacle work, and certainly the wooden cover erected by Queen Mary's reinstated Abbot, good Dr. Feckenham, had become much the worse for its three and a half centuries of wear. And yet, and yet—Perhaps I should regret the pall less if it were of any other colour. The Coronation seems to have left behind it a legacy of this poor tint in copes and other things.

I should like to see in some corner of the building a tablet in memory of the men who have deserved well of the Abbey. It would commemorate first the Royal Founders, the Confessor who built the first Abbey church, Henry III. who piled his kingdom to rear the present choir and transepts; Henry VI., a second royal saint, who built the exquisite chantry to his father's memory; Henry VII.—a second pillar of the commonwealth—who saved his reputation, if not his soul, by the wonderful Lady Chapel in which, as Washington Irving well phrased it, 'stone seems, by the cunning labours of the chisel, to have been robbed of its weight and density, suspended aloft as if by magic, and the fretted roof achieved with the wonderful minuteness and airy security of a cobweb.' It would commemorate, in the second place, the Abbots who gave to the Abbey of their substance or their skill; Abbot Ware to whom we owe the *opus Alexandrinum* pavement before the Communion Table—'a thing,' as Fuller calls it, 'of that singularity, curiousness, and rareness, that England hath not the like again;' Abbot Langham who made the Abbey his legatee; Abbot Litlington who spent Langham's wealth in such masterly building as the Jerusalem Chamber and the College Hall, and the West and South Cloisters. But it would go on to commemorate, and with more necessity and advantage, the smaller and less-known men to whom the Abbey owes some one work of beauty. Everyone has admired the iron grille which protects Queen Eleanor's grave on the side of the North Ambulatory. It was the work of a smith named Thomas of Leighton Buzzard. The portrait of Richard II., which hangs in the choir, is said to be the work of one John Haxey, who painted the canopy over his tomb. And other names are known from the Abbey muniments. In a class by themselves would come those benefactors who have averted disaster, such as was that poor Dean who under Edward VI. of virtuous memory signed away most of the remaining Abbey property to save the building from the rapacious hands of the Protector, who had proposed, with a fine sense of what was due to the laity, to use the materials to build Somerset House in the Strand. In this list an honoured place would fall to the lot of Horace Walpole. It is easy to sneer at Walpole's Strawberry Hill 'Gothick'; but while we do so, it is worth remembering that, while he built for himself what we cannot admire, he preserved for us what we do admire; whereas later and more learned architects, who would not have built anything so comically un-Gothic as Strawberry Hill, have been ruthless in

substituting their own academic designs, which give no pleasure, for ancient work to which for some reason they took a distaste. There is one great debt that the Abbey owes to Horace Walpole, namely, preservation of the beautiful monument to Aymer de Valence on the north side of the sanctuary. The enemy in that case was, and could only be, the man in whose charge it was placed, and who should have been its most jealous guardian, the Dean of the time, Dr. Zachary Pearce, who was, according to the fashion of the period, also Bishop of Rochester. What manner of custodian he was may be judged from the following passage of Walpole's letters (vi. 229):

My Lord Rochester has consulted me for an altar-piece for the choir at Westminster. I have suggested an octagon canopy of open arches, like Chichester Cross, to be elevated on a flight of steps, with the altar in the middle, and semi-circular arcades to join the stalls, so that the Confessor's chapel and tomb may be seen through in perspective. *His Lordship, indeed, wanted to remove that whole chapel, but his Chapter luckily opposed.*

It is hard to put oneself at the point of view of a Dean of Westminster who should wish to sweep away the tomb of his founder. The story about the monument is told in a letter of August 5, 1761, to Conway:

I will give you one instance that will sum up the vanity of great men, learned men, and buildings altogether. I heard lately that Dr. Pearce, a very learned personage, had consented to let the tomb of Aylmer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, a very great personage, be removed for Wolfe's monument; that at first he had objected, but was wrought upon by being told that *right* Aylmer was a Knight templar, a very wicked set of people as his lordship had heard, though he knew nothing of them, as they are not mentioned by Longinus.¹ I own I thought this a made story, and wrote to his lordship, expressing my concern that one of the finest and most ancient monuments in the Abbey should be removed, and begging, if it was removed, that he would bestow it on me, who would erect and preserve it here. After a fortnight's deliberation, the bishop sent me an answer, civil indeed, and commending my zeal for antiquity! but avowing the story under his own hand. He said, that at first they had taken Pembroke's tomb for a Knight templar's. Observe, that not only the man who shows the tombs names it every day, but that there is a draught of it at large in Dart's 'Westminster;' that upon discovering whose it was, he had been very unwilling to consent to the removal, and at last had obliged Wilton to engage to set it up within ten feet of where it stands at present. His lordship concluded with congratulating me on publishing learned authors at my press. I don't wonder that a man who thinks Lucan a *learned* author should mistake a tomb in his own cathedral.² If I had a mind to be angry, I could complain with reason; as

¹ Which Dr. Pearce had edited.

² Horace here makes a slip. Dr. Pearce's *cathedral* was Rochester. The Abbey was a cathedral only for the ten years from 1540 to 1550.

having paid forty pounds for ground for my mother's tomb, that the Chapter of Westminster sell their church over and over again; the ancient monuments tumble upon one's head through their neglect, as one of them did, and killed a man at Lady Elizabeth Percy's funeral, and they erect new waxen dolls of Queen Elizabeth &c. to draw visits and money from the mob.

The modern reader will not think 40*l.* an excessive fee for a burial in Henry the Seventh's chapel. But he will wonder that a gentleman who was supposed to have a taste for the arts should have persuaded himself that a copy of an antique statue of colossal size was in place by the side of the tomb of the Lady Margaret, even if it could in any way be regarded as a memorial of Lady Walpole. Thus even a lover of the Abbey must praise Walpole with a reservation; and as for Dr. Pearce it may be remembered in his favour that he was the first person to expose the absurdity of Bentley's emendations of Milton. Moreover, his bust in the nave of the Abbey is one of the more satisfactory of the eighteenth century monuments, and that may perhaps be reckoned to his credit.

By the kindness of an official I was admitted to the Chapter Library, in the East cloister, which occupies half of the old monastic dormitory. It is a handsome chamber, with an interesting collection of seventeenth-century English theology and some general literature (no Shakespearean quartos), but very few modern books of any note. The Lord Keeper Williams, who was Dean, fitted up the room and gave many volumes; but there seems strong need for a second benefaction from a Chancellor of to-day. I glanced over some rows of books, which I was told were a bequest from Dean Stanley, but I hesitate to believe it, as they seemed to consist chiefly of presentation copies of worthless books. In the Chapter House adjoining I found a policeman on duty, who explained that he represented the Crown, to whom the Chapter House belonged, as it had formerly been used as a Parliament house. This seemed a curious title to possession; but I find it is pretty much the doctrine of Dean Stanley, who says: 'In the year 1540, when the Abbey was dissolved, the Chapter House became, what it has ever since continued to be, absolutely public and national property.' But the Dean might have remembered that in the grant by Elizabeth of *all* the monastic buildings the Chapter House was not excepted; and it is difficult to see how even the subsequent use of the building by the Crown as a record office can have given a legal title. The Chapel of the Pyx,

hard by, I could not see, as the keys are kept at the Office of Works. They seem to have been confiscated under the Commonwealth. I was informed that the room is now empty, as all the old exchequer tallies once kept here have been removed to the Record Office. There seems no reason, therefore, why the Chapter should not resume the keys, and use the Chapel once more for a sacred purpose. It must be the only chapel still remaining of the Confessor's building. A part of the Abbey not generally visited because its interesting features are included in the various canonical residences, is the Little Cloisters, which occupy the place of the monastic infirmary. Of the infirmary chapel, dedicated to St. Catherine, only the old doorway remains; but the Refectory is perfect, and, by the ingenuity of a comparatively modern architect, who shall not be named, has been converted into a vestibule for two houses, so that neither has any advantage from it. The Little Cloisters, with their fountain and plane-tree, seem to be a favourite walk of the Westminster boys. I was told that after their second year the scholars are privileged to go about bareheaded to avoid the necessity of capping the Dean. The College garden opening out of the Little Cloisters must be the oldest garden in London. Before emerging finally from the precincts I paid a visit to the Jerusalem Chamber, one of the most beautifully proportioned rooms I have ever seen, and hung with Tudor tapestries, but the symmetry of the room is sadly spoiled by the erection along one side of it of what is said to be an ancient reredos. On a bracket stands a bust of Henry IV., who, as readers of Shakespeare know, died in this Chamber. It is curiously like his present Majesty.

URBANUS SYLVAN.

GARIBALDI'S ENGLISHMAN.

WHEN Rome placed on the Janiculum the statue of her great hero, she was well inspired. He rides, facing that glorious view which, once seen, cannot be forgotten. To the right, beyond St. Paul's lonely basilica, the vast Campagna flows towards the sea. The heights that spring from it are the Alban hills, the Volscian, the Sabine. Past the whiteness of the Leonessa, their tender tints, ash-grey flecked with rose, fade into mist, until, solitary and distinct, rises cool Soracte, once sacred to Apollo. And between this barrier of mountains and Rome's western hill lies the imperial city which, more than any other, represents the history of the world; a brown medley of past and present, new and old—pagan, ecclesiastical, mediæval, modern; ruined palaces, raw barrack-like buildings, campaniles, cypresses, a flash of a yellow river, an unfolding of memories, a quickening of hearts. No more dominant position could have been chosen for remembrance of Giuseppe Garibaldi, his work and his character.

Here we have neither space nor need to go back to the first days of the famous struggle for freedom, but let us glance for an instant at the tangle of 1859, tangle not only of politics but of prejudices. Austria in the north, the Bourbons in the south, had by tyranny and oppression worn out the patience of a patient people; and Italy, with a struggle here, a disaster there, but through all with an unconquerable determination to be free, out of a helplessly disunited group of feeble States was gradually welding herself into one. The hour had all but struck, the men of the hour were detaching themselves—king, statesman, hero. To us, looking back, they stand out clearly in their differing individualities and their respective values; to contemporaries they presented difficult problems; to each other doubt. Victor Emmanuel trusted Cavour and loved Garibaldi; Garibaldi trusted the king and distrusted Cavour; Cavour, least attractive of the three, yet perhaps as heroic a figure as either, dissembled, lied, yielded, forgave, effaced himself, accepted unjust odium, patiently rectified the mistakes of other men, begrudged no glory to his private enemies, cared only for the making of Italy—and died while the work was doing.

Such patriotism—for patriotism it was, even at the unforgivable moment of ceding Italian soil to France—Garibaldi's simple single-mindedness could not fathom. The men were contrary to each other. Garibaldi had imagination, sympathy, and a tender-heartedness which made him loathe bloodshed, and never lose sight of the price of a victory. Many failures saddened his life, but one was spared him—he alienated no followers. Of opposite temperaments, of clashing opinions, of different nationalities, they loved him, stuck to him, and fought—a good many of them—as much for their General as for Italy. Cavour, on the other hand, cared little if the instruments were ground to powder so long as the end was gained. Personally he had no dislike for Garibaldi, looking at him merely as a useful battering force, able to carry things through by sheer courage; in case of failure to be tossed aside and disowned. He wished to move warily, when the soldier only thought of leaping at the throat of those who held his country in their grip. Meanwhile, through all conflicting policies, to a certain number *il grido di dolore* of Italy struck with so intolerable a sharpness that there was nothing for it but to go to her help, and as the figure of Garibaldi became more prominent, it appealed strongly to the imagination, the enthusiasm, and the heroic instincts of men.

John Peard, Garibaldi's Englishman, as he grew to be called, was born at Fowey, in Cornwall, the younger son of Admiral Peard, who had fought under Nelson, and had on one occasion, when commanding the *Success* with thirty-two small guns, boldly tackled the great *Généreux* with eighty, in order to give Nelson in his flag-ship the opportunity he wanted; and after receiving his signal, 'Bravo, *Success*, at her again!' bore the weight of the tremendous broadside which, to the lookers-on, seemed as if it must sweep the little vessel away, and, crippled as she was, hung on to the *Généreux* until the flag-ship had time to come up, engage, and capture her.

His son inherited a love for the sea, but his elder brother was already in the service, and the younger was sent to Exeter College, and afterwards became a barrister, for which he was little fitted. Always there was a spice of roving adventurousness in his nature, a picturesque unconventionality, a liking for the unusual. He was a many-sided man, a good linguist, an excellent artist, painting and carving with equal facility. Italy had a strong attraction for him. He lived there soon after his marriage, and his eldest

daughter was born in Rome. At Naples he had seen the miserable condition of the people under Bourbon rule, and sympathised with those yearnings for liberty which now and again broke from mutterings into action, like the fiery outbursts of their own Vesuvius. Plots abounded, spies were planted everywhere to meet the plots, torture, imprisonment, death, fell upon the conspirators. They had no legitimate head; they could hope for no outside assistance; the Neapolitan nature, stirred from its usual careless gaiety, leaps swiftly into flame, but does not possess that stubborn stuff which can resist tyranny and endure defeat. It had, indeed, sunk so low that, with certain bright exceptions, honour and patriotism were crushed. In every state department, from minister to lowest official, from judge to custom-house official, bribes were not only unblushingly accepted, but clamoured for as a right. The police kept up a reign of terror, no one was safe from denunciation, even thought was perilous, for to be suspected of holding liberal opinions was enough to plunge a man into prison. We, who live free, do not always feel sympathy with the down-trodden, for it requires imagination to put ourselves in their place, and imagination is no universal gift. But it is not astonishing that an Englishman, living in the midst, and seeing with his own eyes, should carry back to England the longing to strike a blow for Italian liberty.

The struggle began in the north, against Austria, and in May 1859 Peard left London for Turin, where he offered his services as a militia captain to the Secretary for War. They were declined, and he was advised to join Garibaldi, whom he ran down at Pontestura. This was his first sight of his future chief, and he describes him as of middle height, square built and muscular, with a small well-shaped head, light brown hair, hazel, penetrating eyes, and a singularly kind expression.

His habits (says Peard) are most regular, his custom is to retire early to bed, but he is up by daybreak. In his living most moderate, of wine he takes the smallest possible quantity, just sufficient to tinge the water. He eats little animal food, and in the summer lives almost entirely on bread and fruit. He has a wonderful eye, as a fox hunter would say, for country. He seems to know his ground intuitively. The confidence of his soldiers is unbounded, they think the battle won when he gives the order to engage. Never do they for a moment consider the odds against them, though it is sometimes ten to one, but go in to win. In their long and rapid marches, often taken at Bersaglieri pace, *i.e.* four miles an hour, their spirits never flag. They are always cheerful, and ready to carry out his orders. They remind one of Marryat's Poor Jack; 'It's all right. Father's at the helm.'

This was the man whom Victor Emmanuel and Cavour, in spite of La Marmora at the War Office, placed at the head of the Volunteers, among whom Peard found himself as one of the Cacciatori.

Peard himself at this time was a big, burly, broad-shouldered man, with a fine forehead, blue-grey twinkling eyes, rather deep-set, and a large beard. There was a certain resemblance to Garibaldi, especially when, like him, he wore a South American poncho, so that in places the peasants mistook him for the chief, and fled from or flocked to him as the case might be. Later on the likeness was utilised.

Through the northern campaign skirmishes, varied occasionally by fiercer actions, followed in quick succession. Peard had a keen eye for the extreme beauty of the scenery, the flush on the snow, the shifting shadows, the myriads of fireflies. Continually he longs for 'time to sketch.' Fighting, more or less desultory, went on through May and June; Garibaldi with his little band pushing back the great Austrian army, and clearing the lake country, Varese, Como, Bergamo, Brescia, Garda. Everywhere the rejoicing people welcomed their deliverers, kissing Garibaldi's feet, showering flowers, refusing payment, and sometimes showing their enthusiasm in odd ways, as when the little St. John, in a Corpus Domini procession, was tied about with an Italian tri-coloured scarf. The men marched under triumphal arches, the priests gave up their own beds to the tired volunteers. Montanelli, a distinguished Florentine, told Peard he had read of him in the papers. 'I wonder what they can say?' remarks the Englishman naïvely. And indeed his journal, lying before me now, though it treasures words of approval from Garibaldi, says little about his own doings. Some of his comments, however, are not uninteresting at the present time.

The late campaign (he remarks) has proved the vast superiority of light troops. I do not suppose that all troops of the line will be abolished, or that it is desirable they should be. But in the present state of cultivation, daily improving in most countries, the regiment in line would have no chance against a much smaller number of steady riflemen. This may seem a bold statement. But let anyone in England look from his windows on the country with its enclosures and wooded hedgerows, and ask himself which would have the best chance there. The rifleman, taught to seek and avail himself of cover, must naturally suffer less than the soldier in line or column, for what hope would he have against a nimble adversary in whose hand is a weapon effective at half a mile?

In July came news that peace had been declared, with what

the Italians, flushed with success, considered unfavourable terms. There was much excitement and discontent, and prints of the French Emperor and his family were hastily removed from the shops. Garibaldi, in resigning the command, warmly thanked his Englishman, assuring him that his coming as a stranger and fighting in their ranks had given his men the greatest encouragement. 'Remember,' he went on as they clasped hands, 'I am no longer His Excellency, but we are friends.'

At the Bergamo theatre Peard was taken for the General. 'Ecco Garibaldi!' cried the delighted people. But Garibaldi was in no mood for theatres. Something had been done—how much remained! He blamed Cavour, neither he nor his followers realising the bitterness of spirit with which the great statesman saw his hand forced, and an ignoble peace proclaimed, opening with the intolerable words, 'The Emperor of Austria and the Emperor of the French will favour the creation of an Italian Confederation, under the honorary presidency of the Holy Father.' England, appealed to, refused to be a party to the dismemberment; Cavour, furious, resigned office. 'If needs be, I will become a conspirator, I will become a revolutionist, but this treaty shall never be executed; a thousand times no—never!' Victor Emmanuel ends his letter to the French Emperor with these great words: 'I am moved to the bottom of my soul by the faith and love which this noble and unfortunate people has reposed in me, and rather than be unworthy of it, I will break my sword and throw away the crown as did my august father. Personal interest does not guide me in defending the annexations; the Sword and Time have carried my house from the summit of the Alps to the banks of the Mincio, and those two guardian angels of the Savoy race will bear it farther still, when it so pleases God.'

If the ruler spoke thus, the people were no less determined. Whether Sardinia would have them or no, they passed glad votes of annexation. Modena got rid of her Duke, at a heavy cost, it is true; for, besides her most valuable treasures, he carried off all the wool, breaking the looms he could not carry, in order that the inhabitants should not be able to earn their living. With the call of the people in his ears, Garibaldi would certainly have fought, and the French as certainly have crushed him, had the king not insisted. Garibaldi yielded, and sailed back to his rocky Caprera.

Peard spent the next few months in Central Italy, enjoying its

beauties, and noting all that was delightful with the eye of a true lover of nature. His wanderings round Chiusi, indeed—where he was absorbed in the interest of finding the country covered with marine deposits, and where he joyfully records discovering a perfect specimen of a *teredo navalis* in a perforated stone—brought odd suspicion upon him, for he was arrested as a French spy, and had to return to Florence, in time for the tremendous ovation given to Victor Emmanuel in April 1861.

Of what was going on in Caprera he seems to have had no knowledge, nor that an expedition to free Sicily was seething. Cavour is said to have secretly encouraged the attempt, but that is neither proved nor probable. It looked too desperate. The Bourbon had 23,000 troops on the island and 100,000 more on the mainland. It was true that Mazzini—through Crispi—had secretly probed the spirit of the Sicilians and reported a rising to be imminent, but what was the rising of an unarmed people? Bixio advised one thing, Sirtori another; Garibaldi, torn by doubt, hesitated, until his hand was forced by Rosalino Pilo setting sail with some half dozen men. It was the signal for a massacre in Palermo, and Garibaldi, like most imaginative men undecided in thought, was amazingly swift in action. He left Genoa in May with his famous thousand volunteers.

So sharply and secretly was the blow struck that it was the end of May, and the General was already in Palermo, before the news reached Florence and wild excitement broke out. The next day Peard was off. Eleven tedious days passed, however, before the stores and the clothes, the men and the arms, hastily swept together at Leghorn, could be crowded into three small steamers, flying the American flag. The clothes served out to each of Corti's twelve hundred volunteers consisted of a pair of canvas trousers, blue shirt with red facings, forage cap, and great coat. Many were mere boys in age, and at Cagliari were distracted parents who boarded the steamers in search of sons who had run away to join the expedition.

On steamed the volunteers, sick, crowded, ill-cared for, but brimming over with enthusiasm, and confident as to what Garibaldi would have done. They landed through the night of the 18th at Castellamare, and there the General welcomed them, sending Peard on to Palermo in his own carriage. By the time they reached Monreale they were already among heaped ruins, the enemy having burnt and pillaged without mercy. The city

itself was wrecked, buffeted by the bombardment, blocked with fallen houses, burned where the masonry was not thick enough to baffle the fire. Admiral Mundy in a despatch describes its condition 'as most horrible . . . families have been burnt alive with the buildings, while the atrocities of the Royal troops have been frightful. . . . The conduct of General Garibaldi, both during the hostilities and since their suspension, has been noble and generous.' How Garibaldi had won and then held it seemed little short of a miracle, for by the time the Bourbon troops asked for an armistice he had but 600 men to pit against their 20,000, and the brave 600 had not a dozen rounds each of ammunition left. 'What shall we do?' an officer once asked the General. 'Go home if you like; if you join me you must learn to live without bread, and to fight without cartridges.' It was this undaunted audacity which led him not only so coolly to grant the armistice that the enemy never guessed his straits, but also to fling back in their teeth a condition which he held to be dishonourable. Out in the bay lay the English ships, forced to be neutral in act, but one and all, men and officers, eagerly sympathising with the General; the *Intrepid* lying as close as she dared to the shore, in case he might have to save himself by swimming. Now all was changed, and when Peard arrived the hated Bourbon troops were evacuating the castle, their general begging for red shirts in which to disguise himself and his officers, and the people—monks, priests, civilians—frantically joyful at their departure.

Peard left Palermo with his company, hurrying to Messina, where fighting was expected. When possible they coasted in boats, so as to avoid the scorching July heat and the fatigue of marching along narrow stony tracks bordered by parched prickly pears on the heights, by oleanders in the dry water beds. Through the length and breadth of the classic island there were but three half-made roads. That from Messina to Palermo, nearly a dead level all the way, had been forty years in making, had cost Sicily £18,000, and was not made yet. One near Termini, begun in 1818 by the British, ran two miles and no more, though the district had been taxed for it so heavily that the money would have cut a road round the island. The inns were filthy, but the hospitality most hearty. Outside Messina, Peard, who was an excellent shot, was given the command of the foot-guides, a company of picked marksmen, armed with revolving rifles.

A time of marches, counter-marches, alarms and attacks round Melazzo followed. The big action itself was fought in furnace heat and lasted many hours. In the thick of the fight Garibaldi took off his shirt, washed it, hung it on a bush to dry, and smoked a cigar while he waited. The enemy made a brave stand, but were forced back, foot by foot, so that at 3 P.M. the General led his men into the town, the people flinging open their windows and welcoming them with all their hearts. Peard reconnoitred until he found a commanding position for his weary troops on Windmill Hill, where in the blue dusk of a summer's night, with sea and mountains before, and dark Etna lying behind them, they rigged up a picturesque bivouac of mats among the olives. For his services at Melazzo, Peard was given colonel's rank, and Forbes writes of him: 'A more humane, noble-minded man does not exist, and his unassuming manner, to say nothing of his undeniable pluck, have captivated Garibaldi.'

Sicily was free, but a turbulent time followed, for Crispi, appointed administrator, was unpopular. Always Garibaldi's personal presence acted like a charm, but he could not be everywhere at once, more especially in an island without roads. He was back at Palermo, sick at soul for the misery and the poverty and the ignorance, living himself on a few lire daily, and giving what he could—his little money, his great heart. Moreover, the old questionings were active. Did they want him to go on with the work of conquest? When the king told him to remain quiet, did he not really mean him to read between the lines? Did they not all hope he would disobey, and, by disobeying, shoulder the responsibility? He read it so, as later on he read to his cost. Once again he gallantly took up the burden, answered Victor Emmanuel that when he had made him King of Italy he would gladly obey him all the rest of his life, and in August 1860 crossed to Melito with 4,000 men in order to conquer the Kingdom of Naples.

Then, as always, having once determined, he acted with the most splendid daring. Where he was least expected there he came. At Reggio the garrison was surprised, and why? The general's explanation is almost pathetic: 'Caro mio, io son vecchio soldato, ed io aspettava che Garibaldi mi attichasse d'avanti, ed invece è venuto di dietro—cosa volete!' There was not a battle, scarcely a stand; the people cheered, the troops melted away, Garibaldi rode or drove swiftly northward, and the magic of his name was enough. Peard's journal is one long

record of a scamper to overtake the General. Sometimes they came up to him stretched on the ground in a vineyard, his head on his valise, snatching an hour's sleep; sometimes swallowing a frugal meal of raw ham and green figs; sometimes General and staff made the best of their way on donkeys, and Peard, enthusiastically mistaken for his chief, found himself almost lifted off the ground, donkey and all. Up rugged mountain paths, along narrow gorges, through a rich and beautiful country of chestnut and myrtle and pomegranate, this amazing little band of conquerors followed a flying enemy, leaving their supports far behind.

At one place the Neapolitan troops halted, and the Garibaldians immediately set to work to surround them! Peard, Dowling, and three Calabrians, enjoying the affair hugely, made themselves look as important as they could on their side, and some of the enemy began to wave white handkerchiefs and to shout 'Viva Garibaldi!' Down raced the five men pell-mell through the vineyard, to find, instead of the detachment they expected, an army of 10,000. Hesitation would have been fatal—now for it! Peard whispered to Dowling that their only chance lay in impudence, and, passing a battery of twelve guns, marched up to the nearest officer, told him he had come to receive their surrender, and that he must see General Ghio. Peard's eyes no doubt twinkled more than ever over the General's blank astonishment, but he plunged into details with all gravity, assuring him that he was surrounded, that his men were falling away, and that the Dictator was anxious to spare Italian blood. Rather a bad quarter of an hour followed, and Peard came perilously near being shot, but finally the surrender was made, the Neapolitans were allowed to disperse, and a large number of horses and mules, twelve guns, and 10,000 stand of arms fell to Garibaldi.

On again! Up hill and down dale the General swept, his staff toiling after him, his troops well in the rear. Occasionally, by some crafty short cut, his officers slipped ahead, and on one such chance Peard, mistaken for Garibaldi, was received with tremendous enthusiasm. It was at Auletta, near Salerno, and Colonel Fabrizi, commanding the levies, thought it desirable to encourage the delusion. So, bored beyond words, but trying to look as if he liked it, the Englishman had to receive deputations who kissed his hand with frantic joy, and priests who welcomed him on their knees. It was the same at Eboli, but there he took refuge in his room on the plea of fatigue. From Auletta he had

bombarded astonished Naples with telegrams, ordering quarters, mules, rations, in advance; at Eboli he went farther, insisting on the terrified head bringing him all the enemy's telegrams, and answering them to General Ulloa to the effect that Garibaldi and his forces had arrived, that more were due, and that the personal friend who signed the message strongly advised the withdrawal of the garrison at Salerno before it was cut off. Ministers and Generals flashed inquiries, Peard, in the character of the telegraph master, did all he could to cause a panic by his answers, and succeeded beyond hope.

Meanwhile outside the house brass bands were thumping, deputations arriving, ladies in their best clothes clamouring to see the hero. In vain Forbes assured them it was not Garibaldi himself. He was forced to fix audiences for three in the morning, and before that hour, Peard, Forbes, and Gallenga stole out of the house, chuckling over their work, but not unwilling to increase the four miles between themselves and the enemy. Forbes was incredulous when Peard had described his work. 'What on earth is the good of all this telegraphing? You don't imagine they will be fools enough to believe it?' 'You will see that it will frighten them to death, and to-morrow they will clear out of Salerno,' asserted Peard confidently. And he was right. Reporting themselves to Garibaldi, and returning to Eboli, they met a Neapolitan officer who told them that the effect of the telegrams was to draw off the 30,000 troops from Salerno, that the Naples authorities were in consternation, and the king leaving for Gaeta. Glee among the conspirators, and quick determination to play the same farce at Salerno, where all was repeated, processions, deputations, vivas, hand-kissings, bows. Only one incredulous officer, taking Peard aside, asked whether he really wished him to believe that he was the General? Peard, by this time hot and heartily sick of his vicarious honours, assured him that the sindaco had been told the truth, and that they were doing their best to undeceive the people, who, however, persisted in believing that the General merely wished to preserve his incognito. Garibaldi himself was well pleased with the ruse which put Naples into his hands without bloodshed. When at last he drove in and met Peard, he took off his hat and cried laughingly, 'Viva Garibaldi! So you have stolen my name again!' Peard hoped he would not shoot him for the theft. 'Oh,' he returned, 'you have done well.'

One hundred and twenty-seven years before, on September 8, the first festa of the Piedigrotto commemorated the expulsion of the Austrians from Naples. The Dictator had promised to be in the beautiful city on that day, and he arrived on the eve, to expel the Austrian Bourbons. Three hundred thousand inhabitants, not having yet renounced their king, Bourbon troops in the citadel, the St. Elmo guns menacing—into the thick of these very doubtful elements calmly advances Garibaldi, with one single battalion behind him, and drives slowly, slowly, from the station to the Toledo. Choose now, Naples! And Naples chose with a fury of joy.

Meanwhile the Piedmontese had worked southwards until, besides Rome and Venice, only an insignificant part of Italy remained to be freed. But here, unfortunately, flamed up the old distrust between Cavour and Garibaldi. Garibaldi could win victories—he won, notably, the big fight on the Volturno, which lasted ten hours and cost him 2,000 in killed and wounded. An English company of some 750 volunteers, undrilled and inexperienced, arrived too late for the battle, and only took part in an outpost affair, Peard, who commanded them, reporting well of their gallantry under fire. There were good men among them, but others who should never have been sent; they were not a success, and were soon disbanded.

The slow movements of politics, the slow planting of constitutional government on ground seized by him and watered with the blood of his men, irritated Garibaldi beyond words. 'I am a man of war; I do not understand these things.' He wanted to march at once on Rome. But Cavour resisted. He would first annex Sicily to Piedmont, would cripple the power of the Dictator, would allow the nations no pretext for interference, knowing that one and all, except England, and, more secretly, France, were bristling with anger. So annexation became a fact, the king arrived at Teano, and Garibaldi, loyal and splendidly self-forgetful as ever, laid the dictatorship at his feet.

His hour of bitterness followed. The king put off his requests, ignored his volunteers, offered the great General personal presents which he refused, and, sick at heart but never nobler, Garibaldi sailed for Caprera with a few hundred lire in his pocket and a bag of seed-beans for his farm. There in the most frugal simplicity he lived, so tender-hearted that he would spend half a winter night among the rocks searching for a strayed lamb; so free from rancour that it was said if 'Antonelli, Fran-

cis II., and Pio Nono were poor, friendless, and exiled, the General would not only receive them at Caprera, but would probably give up to them his own room and bed.'

Three years later he visited England, and went down to Cornwall to see his old friend in his own place. There are those who still recollect the fever of enthusiasm with which he was everywhere received, the absolutely ludicrous struggles to carry away some personal relics of the hero. Much was ephemeral, but certain words were spoken by him at Southampton, in that beautiful voice wherein lay a peculiar charm, words which England and Italy should together remember :

It is not the first time (he said) that I have received proofs of the sympathy of the English nation, and I have received those proofs, not only in words but deeds. I have seen that sympathy shown in many circumstances of my life, and very particularly in '60, when without the help of the English nation it would have been impossible to complete the deeds we did in Southern Italy. The English people provided for us in men, in arms, and in money—they help all the needs and wants of the human family in their work for freedom. What they did, and what they said of us, is worthy the eternal gratitude of the Italian people.

Peard did not see his old chief again after this Cornish visit. He was opposed to the more violent counsels of some of Garibaldi's advisers, he feared his honest simplicity and the loyal trust he placed in those he loved. In more than one instance their aims appeared to him to tend perilously to anarchy, no new danger then in Italian politics. His warnings were not taken, but his love for the man himself never wavered.

In this sketch nothing has been attempted beyond a brief record of how an Englishman followed the hero. It was a service which brought him no reward beyond the consciousness of having struck a blow to deliver a fettered country. To the Englishmen who fought, no other reward, indeed, was possible. If ever there was disinterested action, theirs was. Already their names are almost forgotten in Italy, in a few years' time they will have utterly passed out of remembrance, and only now, tardily, is there talk of placing the bust of Garibaldi's Englishman among his companions in arms at the foot of the great hero's statue on the heights of Janiculum.

'Con uomini come il colonello Peard si farebbero presto i conti al despotismo.'—G. GARIBALDI.

FRANCES M. PEARD.

18—2

THE DIFFERENCE.

A TALE OF A WOMAN AND SALLEE.

I WENT the other day to the rooms of my friend, M. de L—— R——. He had been secretary to the Spanish Legation at Washington and had not long since arrived in London. He was a Sevillian of, I believe, very high extraction, but it is a little difficult to understand the niceties of the Spanish hierarchy. He was at least a very magnificent 'person,' very tall, very dark, with a square dead-black beard, and a high forehead above deep-set eyes that were round black discs as large as sixpences. They regarded one blankly with the eyebrows habitually a little raised as if in surprise that one existed and could be so naïf.

He said: 'Ah, my friend, settle yourself,' and waved a hand towards a chair. English did not seem appropriate issuing from his mouth. One expected a more sonorous language. But he spoke perfectly. He was looking over a pile of small photograph frames. 'You see I have carried out my idea.'

He was settling at the Embassy in London for many years, and had let his house near Seville to the State; it was to be converted for the time into a Government college of orange-culture. He had felt a desire to have some sort of contact with his own people; he had had the long series of his ancestral portraits photographed so that they might stand in a line on the ledge above his dado.

'It is sentimental,' he said gravely, 'but after all it has cost very little.'

I said it seemed to me a charming idea. He smiled. 'But then,' he said, 'you are the most sentimental race of the globe.'

I said, 'Oh, oh.'

He continued standing. The straight lines of his long frock-coat had the immobility of a statue's robes. His eyes rested on me contemplatively; he held a frame in his hands.

'Why, yes, it was a sentimental proceeding,' he affirmed. 'I have spent a certain amount on these things. These men do not much interest me; the women are not especially beautiful. For one half of the money I might have had as many photographs of

actresses who would have been ten times more agreeable to the eye.'

'But they would not have been the same thing,' I said.

'Assuredly not. They would have been ten times more agreeable.' He was a man of the world. But he had acted on impulse, romantically and, as always in such cases, foolishly. It was perhaps epidemic in the air of these islands.

I said that the world wouldn't go round without a touch of fine impracticability.

He retained his air of mildly blank astonishment. 'But it would go round just the same,' he said. He paused and regarded me fixedly. 'Ah, I understand what you mean,' he said. He drew himself up and began to speak like one omniscient.

'You confuse the issues, my dear friend. I will admit that, in certain cases, it is desirable, it is even glorious and dignified to suffer loss—to be tortured for one's faith, to suffer extinction for one's tradition; to be ruined by hucksters because it is beneath one to compete. That may be worthy; that may be fine. I do not say I should do any of these things, though I applaud them. But one must retain one's dignity; one must not appear a fool.' He had the air of enunciating the final lesson of life. 'This action of mine is sentimental; it is therefore undignified. I acted on an impulse without reflecting how I might get the best out of what I did. That is wanting in dignity; that is mortifying. Death is better than to lose one's self-respect.'

'In that case one would never do anything,' I said.

He waved his hand widely. He didn't in the least object. He was frowning a little at the photograph.

'That is the celebrated Marianne Davila,' he said with a slight frost of contempt in his tone. 'She *did* things. That was taken when she was old, *bien entendu*. Yes, it is by Goya.'

She must have been very old, and Goya had painted her remorselessly. Her eyes were intensely black and sparkling; her face was white like meal; her lips were sunken, her nose very aquiline, thin and sharp; and her chin protruded broad, like the square toe of a boot, to meet it. Her hair was skimped tightly back; at the top of her head three ostrich feathers stuck up unsymmetrically; there wasn't any mistaking the fact that she was a woman of character and of pride. She must have been nearly a hundred.

'There was another portrait,' de L—— said, 'when she was

young and certainly as beautiful as legend—or history—would have her. But I do not like this ancestress of mine. I did not have it photographed.'

I could see that she had been astonishingly beautiful. In youth she had had very abundant and lustrous hair, very regular features, a clear oval face, and a great vivacity. Goya had painted her with sparkling eyes in her old age, and he did not flatter.

'Who was she?' I asked.

He shrugged his shoulders a very little. She was Marianne Davila; she had married the seventh Marquis de L—— R——. She was in consequence his great, great—he did not know how many greats—grandmother. 'The celebrated Marianne,' he said, with the touch of contempt still in his voice, 'who went to Saltee to rescue her lover.'

'The Marquis?' I asked.

'Oh, no,' he answered, 'the other fellow. She was a stupid woman.'

I said it sounded romantic. He smiled. Yes, she was just one of those people who acted always without reflection and always made a fool of herself. She was a source of serious annoyance to his family. Her story was in all the memoirs of travellers in Spain. It was recorded and double-starred in Baedeker; it brought swarms of English tourists to his country house.

'I think I understand,' I said. He looked at me seriously.

'Of course you don't,' he answered. 'If, as you imagine, she had eloped from my ancestor it would have been comparatively sensible. I at least should not have objected. Besides, in that case she would obviously not have reached the age of ninety.' He meant that his ancestor would have killed her.

He sat down in a rocking chair and began to roll a cigarette without looking at it.

'Marianne Davila,' he said, 'was the daughter of a banker in Seville. In 1675 she was seventeen. You have been able to observe from Goya's portrait, which was painted in 1756, how beautiful she must have been in 1675. She was slender; she was graceful; she was, as the Germans would say, *zum kuessen*; and she was self-willed because she was an only child and because her father was very rich. He was a man of no birth. Her mother, however, was of better, and in consequence she saw many people of whom some were of quality. Among these was my ancestor, who assuredly was an extremely foolish old man, the Marquis de L—— R——.

He was sixty, and he was a widower without children. She saw also frequently a rich shipowner who had a son called Mendez, a dashing young man.

'Now one day the Marquis came to Marianne. I imagine him very well; this is his portrait, in his high black hat, his silver hair, his amiably smiling face, his black clothes, and with the collar of the Golden Fleece hung round his neck. He struck a courteous attitude and spoke somewhat as follows:

"My dear child, I have conceived a devouring passion for you. But do not let this alarm you. I should wish to marry you, but not to force your inclinations. I have come to you first, not to your father, who would assuredly compel you to marry me because of my rank, my great wealth, my enormous services of silver plate, and my broad lands. I suffer agonies at the thought of your marrying another, and at my age this must mean my death. But I do no more than beg you to consider these matters and to give me an answer in a little time." This is how that old man loved that girl. One may be indulgent towards a folly so passionate.

'On the next day Marianne was walking in her garden. The dashing and gallant young Mendez comes to her. Says he:

"For these months past I have frequented every place in which you could be expected to be. I have passed my days in the church where you confess and my entire nights beneath your window singing songs which I have composed to you or directing concerts in your honour. I love you. I have spoken to your father; he favours my suit." His speech was assuredly more practical and to the point than that of the Marquis.

'Marianne went to her confidante Henriette and said:

"I am troubled with a strange complaint. I cannot sleep at night because I sigh so continuously; if I close my eyes I must open them immediately because it is as if there were a bright light before them. And that light appears to be the face of Mendez. In the day I have no peace of mind until he appears in sight, and when I see him I tremble so violently that I am upon the point of fainting. Tell me, my dearest Henriette, what is this disease and the cure of it."

'I quote this speech so that you may see that, at one time at any rate, this trying personage possessed some of that ingenuousness and innocence that are so essential to the perfection of womanhood. Henriette laughing gave her the best of advice, and in three days she was betrothed to Mendez.

'In another three days she was sitting in her room with her mother. A letter was brought to her. It was from the Marquis. He had taken to his bed; he was dying for love of her. He enclosed, if you please, his will. He bequeathed his great wealth, his enormous services of silver plate, and his broad territories to Marianne. Thus he proposed to squander in the lump the whole of an inheritance of which only too little has come down to his unfortunate descendant.'

De L—— lit his cigarette and looked at me with grave and reproving eyes. He had discerned that I thought the Marquis chivalrous and attractive.

'But, my dear fellow,' I laughed, 'if Marianne hadn't eventually married him you would not have existed. It would not have mattered a scrap.'

He waved his hand and said that it was altogether absurd and undignified. The Marquis was sixty, and old enough to know better than to die for a girl's whim. An unmarried woman *ought* not to know what was best for her in marriage. She ought to be ignorant. Consequently, the Marquis was a fool to consult her feelings.

I laughed. He waved his hand.

'Marianne's mother asked to see the letter and its contents. She was naturally disturbed; her daughter might have been a marchioness. Her father also upbraided Marianne for having concealed my ancestor's proposal.

'He insisted that Marianne and her mother should make a pilgrimage to the deathbed of the Marquis, who had retired to his country house. The exceeding folly of Marianne shines out once more. She was overcome by the sight of the dying Marquis; she wept and spoke to him so pitifully that he grew better. Consequently she threw away a certain inheritance.'

'But, my dear fellow,' I interrupted, 'you would not have had her abuse him?'

He waved his hand coldly.

'She was a silly creature. A little later she was preparing to go to bed. There came a tapping at the bars of her window. She looked out and it was her betrothed. He announced a catastrophe. His father, the shipowner, had put all his eggs in one basket; all his wealth was aboard a galleon coming from the Indies; it had been wrecked on the coast of Portugal.

'Marianne began a great outcry. He silenced her. No one

must know of it; no one must so much as guess at it. His father had many creditors, and at the first alarm they would cast him into gaol. Mendez must go away to Portugal to recover what he could from the wreck. They had a great sum of gold on board; perhaps it might all be saved.

'They wept and embraced very tenderly. (You observe? Had Marianne suffered the Marquis to die she would have been able to lend her lover money; there would have been little need for secrecy; he could have sent an agent.) He was away one month; then two; then six. Marianne pined and grew pale. One day she heard the loud voices of two monks talking in her father's room: they had been at Rabat-Sallee with the yearly mission that the Church sent to ransom the Christian captives of the Moors.

'There, chained and beaten, they had seen Mendez, whom the Sallateens had captured on the coast of Portugal. Marianne fainted whilst the elder of the monks was addressing to her some remarks as to the resignation we owe to the orders of Providence. The monks had offered to ransom Mendez. The Bashaw, however, had heard that he was the son of a very wealthy shipowner and put his ransom at no less than 20,000 ducats. The monks, of course, had no such sum. They had come to Seville to find Mendez's father. But the father had already run away from his creditors.

'Mendez appeared hopelessly lost. His father was penniless and in hiding. Old Davila naturally refused to pay a sum so enormous for a son-in-law who would be worthless when he arrived.

'Marianne appealed even to my ancestor. But the Marquis began to show some spirit. He refused. And more! He had once been on the point of death for Marianne's sake. He had once spared her; now that her lover was irrevocably lost he begged her to marry him. She had spoken so kindly to him on his deathbed that he could not believe he was repugnant to her. Her father added his entreaties; her mother began to insist. They grew urgent. Mendez's father had owed Marianne's large sums of money; other speculators had failed and owed more; there was what we should call a commercial panic in the town, and the Davilas were on the point of ruin. The Marquis offered assistance if Marianne married him.'

'Why,' I interrupted, 'this is the story of Auld Robin Gray.'

'*Puede ser,*' de L—— answered. 'Perhaps. I do not know

your story.' He said that he was certain, however, that some sentimental variant must have crept into our version.

'Oh, no,' I said. 'You've only got to add that her Jamie came home after she had been married a twelvemonth and that they greeted and parted.'

De L—— stroked his beard and laughed good-humouredly.

'Oh dear, no. That is precisely the difference. My ancestress was silly, but not so silly as that. She was, however, exceedingly silly. Her parents desired her to marry the Marquis. But if she didn't want to, she needn't. For by the then law of Spain a child in such circumstances had only to appeal to her vicar. She would have been taken out of her parents' hands. I imagine her perfectly well, beautiful and weeping and idiotic.

'They reached the day before the wedding. The Marquis sent her all our family jewels. They were worth many thousands of pounds, alas! So she went to her confidante, Henriette. Says she:

"You are my confidante, my bosom friend. Where I go you are bound in honour to go. I am going to Sallee."

'Henriette, who was a sensible young woman—very sensible as the sequel shows—offered the obvious objections. They would be two defenceless girls in the clutches of the Sallateens, and they had no money.

'Marianne answered: "The Sallateens are honourable; they respect the persons of those who come to ransom captives. Besides, we shall go as young men. I have here the garments for us two. I have also the family jewels of the Marquis de L—— R——."

'It was useless for Henriette to protest. That night they embarked for Sallee dressed as two youths.'

De L—— looked at me sardonically.

'Did you ever hear of a more shameless proceeding?'

'To steal your jewels?' I asked. He made a gesture of impatience.

'But no. To run about in such a dress.'

I laughed. He looked a little irritated.

'You understand that this grotesque personage became a member of *my* family. I have to number among my progenitors an unsexed woman who ran half the world over in trunk-hose.'

'I should welcome such a progenitrix,' I said.

He answered: 'Yes, she might have been an Englishwoman.' He broke off and then said swiftly: 'But no. I retract. When

they are womanly your ladies are the most charming, the most innocent, the most fresh of the globe. *J'en ai vu un peu, moi.* He considered it shocking for a woman to dress in any colour but black. It was a mark of immodesty. They should never appear in the streets. They ought to live in houses with large gardens. They must grow up like flowers, as innocent and as ignorant, save of God and the blessed Saints.

I laughed: 'But how would the world go on then? Your ideas are mediæval, positively.'

He said darkly: 'I am speaking of *my* womenkind.' The others might go where they liked.

'Oh, that's sentimentalism, that flower-idea,' I said.

'No,' he said sharply, 'it is sheer common sense. I am a man of the world.'

I replied that the world would never have gone round without a woman or two to give it a twist. He just showed his white teeth.

'Señor,' he said, 'I ask you to consider if your nation has benefited by the intrigues of its great ladies.'

It was as if for a glimpse he revealed his latent, dark contempt for us. He was hinting at certain scandals of our late campaign.

'Oh, that's all over,' I said. He smiled sceptically. He had, concealed carefully somewhere, the contempt of his ancient, darkly proud, inestimably traditioned race for us who appeared to him like noisy barbarians with no aspirations save that for an enormous physical comfort, and no traditions save what he called our sentimentalism.

'But that is politics,' he added. 'Certain it is that if there had been no women intriguing it would have been better for my unfortunate land.' He affected to be sincerely deploring the low estate of Spain. But his expressionless dark eyes were sardonic for a moment. Spain had lost her battles, had lost her islands. But it was not a war that his race need lament. It was one with a nation of hucksters; it was fought with weapons that it was undignified to be proficient in. It was, as he had said, to be ruined because it was beneath one to compete. They had poured out blood, they had poured out treasure in a hopeless struggle. It was in protest against an unworthy age. They were unchanging and unchangeable; that was their glory. They cared nothing for material results. That was *their* sentimentalism.

I tried to make him see it. It was quite useless.

He would say: 'Oh certainly. We are very foolish. We

don't learn; we don't, ah——progress. Yes, progress! We are behind you all. I admit it.'

But in his tone and in his eyes he didn't admit it. Progress for him was a thing not worth having. It made us clamorous and restless and undignified. Death was better. I did my best to convince him of his folly.

'Oh, I admit it,' he repeated negligently. 'But I say that Marianne was a foolish person.' The other subject obviously bored him. 'Would you believe it? Whilst she was at sea with her confidante an immense storm arose. She wept and bemoaned her continuous misfortunes so convincingly that the sailors said: "This young man is a Jonah," and desired to throw her overboard. They were prevented; they consoled themselves with stealing my family jewels. Shortly after the storm ceased, and Marianne discovered her loss. It was irreparable.

'She arrived, therefore, at Sallee with no more than the jewellery she had upon her person: some rings and chains, a watch, a pouncet box, a fine sword-hilt, worth in all perhaps some 400 ducats. Henriette attempted to persuade her to return to Seville; but she was always obstinate. She would go to the Bashaw.

'I don't know if you know Rabat-Sallee. There are now only a couple of dismantled, ragged forts high up on brown ugly hills, and between the dirty twin towns a shallow harbour. But in those days it was big, with a great number of white walls. The Christian captives were employed to make these walls. They built them up here; pulled them down there, in chains, in the hot sun, according to the caprice of the Bashaws. They were starved of water, they were beaten with sticks, they were pierced with spears. Sometimes one chained gang were set to grind another to pulp with heavy clubs, to mix their blood into the cement of the walls. Sometimes a gang would be set to undermine a wall; to undermine and to undermine until it fell upon them and crushed them. That the Sallateens found amusing. They starved, they died of thirst, flies covered their sores, they went blind, they went mad. They were of all nations and of all creeds save Mohammedans.

'Marianne with her Henriette went through this town till they came to where the Bashaw sat under an archway in the shade.

'This Bashaw was a sensible man and quite honourable.

Says he: "Where are your worships' 20,000 ducats?" Says she: "I've lost them." Says he: "Then no Mendez." And she: "I have here 400 ducats. He is worth no more." The Bashaw says: "He is the son of a rich man." And she: "His father was long since ruined. On the word of a Christian." The Bashaw being polite was silent. Says she: "Let him go with me and I will send you the money. On the honour of a Christian."

'But the Bashaw was too well acquainted with the honour of Christians. He said: "Young sir, Allah forbid that thy servant should doubt thy word. But thy servant asks: How, if this merchant be ruined, he can send so noble and accomplished a cavalier to rescue his son?"

'The rattle of many chains was heard in that courtyard. The slaves returned, along with them Mendez. He was presumably not singularly presentable because for two years he had been at work in the conditions I have described. But to Marianne at least he was recognisable.

'She fainted; she lost her head; there was a touching scene. In spite of the remonstrances of the confidante she revealed everything to the Bashaw. She prayed him to release Mendez and to retain her as hostage. Her father would not fail to send the 20,000 ducats.

'The Bashaw was sensibly interested. He sent for his wife. They consulted together and agreed. In any case they would lose nothing. Marianne's father was wealthy and would ransom her, whereas possibly this Christian had spoken truth by a miracle, and the father of Mendez was ruined.

'Marianne was taken into the women's apartments. She exchanged her trunk-hose for garments more becoming—including a yashmak, a veil which falls short only of perfection by leaving uncovered a portion of the face.

'The Moors have a proverb: "A woman is only out of mischief when she is at home with a broken leg." They are not only sensible but honourable. Marianne's garments were presented by them to Mendez together with all her jewels. As I have said, these were worth the respectable sum of 400 ducats. Mendez together with the confidante set out on their return to Seville.

'You find that romantic. But it was a foolish proceeding on the part of Marianne. Because, with her 400 ducats she could not only have sensibly alleviated the sufferings of her lover, but have paid the Bashaw to send an emissary to Seville. This man

would then have reported that the father of Mendez was ruined, and the Bashaw at the next ransoming by the monks would have released Mendez at no charge to Marianne.

'She remained in the women's apartments. She waited three months; she waited six; the six months became a year, the year two. Both the Bashaw and his wife were touched by her lamentable condition. It happened that some of the Bashaw's ships returned from ravaging the coast of Ireland; on the way they captured a Sevillian girl. She was introduced to the harem and brought news.

'Mendez and the confidante, arriving in Seville, had very sensibly got married, and with the proceeds of Marianne's jewels had established a flourishing business.'

'Very sensibly!' I interrupted.

'What else should they do? The Marquis, not having his Marianne, had refused to aid her father. He was ruined and had fled from Seville. They had consequently no one to whom to appeal. Had Mendez introduced himself to the notice of my ancestor that nobleman would have taken a signal vengeance on him.'

'They ought not to have married,' I said.

'My dear fellow,' he laughed. 'You are really too sentimental. Don't you see? The confidante had seriously compromised herself by travelling alone with Mendez. He was bound in honour.'

'He should have returned to Sallee and released Marianne.'

'In that case she would have had absolutely no resources. She must have married the Marquis, which neither of them desired. The confidante would have been no less compromised. And but for the egregious silliness of Marianne, Henriette would never have been in the affair at all. You, however, share your views with the Bashaw. That personage heard the news. He flew into a violent rage, and incontinently sent a special embassy to Seville to inform my ancestor.'

I said: 'Well done.'

'Oh,' he answered coolly, 'I have a respect for that Bashaw. It was not the impracticable thing you think. Marianne was saleable. And my besotted ancestor paid—yes, 20,000 ducats for such a creature.'

'And she married him and that was the end of the story?' I asked.

'Yes, she married him, but that was by no means the end of the story. It is not ended yet. My unfortunate house is double-starred in Baedeker. It is invaded yearly by swarms

of your tourists. Yes, the gentlemen in large checks and the ladies with immense teeth. Where do you store them in England? I never see them in the streets. But over there they swarm; ah, heavens, they *swarm*. And they cut from the walls bits of brick with their penknives. And all because of Marianne Davila.'

He looked at me gravely.

'My friend, neither they nor your Baedeker mention the facts of salient interest. For six hundred years our women have been with that one exception modest. Our men have been hidalgos, who have never *done* anything in your sense. They have never forfeited their self-respect. That is a tradition. That is Spain.'

I laughed. 'Oh, we've traditions like that among the county families. But they're shoved on one side and done with nowadays.'

His fixed eyes remained on my face; they didn't twinkle, they didn't move.

'At any rate they lived happily ever afterwards?' I asked.

'*Mais par exemple, non,*' he said. 'Vengeance was awaiting my miserable ancestor. He had been used to a life of gaiety in the town. But Marianne was of delicate nerves. Victory had crowned his arms; but she—she was too sensitive to live in Seville. For fear of meeting Mendez, you understand! It would have embarrassed her delicacy. They had to remove to the country house. All the year round they were there. In ten months he died of the dulness.'

'Oh, you've told the story with too much spite,' I said. 'It was an idyl.'

'I haven't finished yet. Afterwards she ran away, for fear of meeting Mendez. On the high mountains in winter her way was blocked with snow. She had to descend from her litter at a peasant's hut. In the hut there was another, snow-bound. He was in black. It was Mendez. The confidante was dead.

'Nothing need have happened. The Marchioness was in her mourning, a black cloak that covered her from head to foot. She might have passed unnoticed. She must needs faint. He raises her, displaces her cloak, faints too.

'He loved her still. He poured out his contrition lamentably. He followed her wherever she went. He pursued her to Madrid, to Barcelona, into Catalonia. . . . I do not know where. He neglected his affairs. He lamented beneath her windows; he besieged her back doors. He grew thin and thinner.

'She immured herself in a convent of which the abbess was her friend. And he—he starved himself to death at the grating. Did you ever hear a more ridiculous story?'

'But what should she have done?' I asked.

He stroked his beard.

'Being then the mother of a marquis,' he said, 'of course she could not have married him. He was of wretched birth. But she loved him; she could have made him her footman, her intendente, her household man of business. *Parbleu*, these things can be arranged with a little sense.'

'It would have been a horrible anti-climax,' I said. He shrugged his shoulders finally.

'Señor, I ask you what we come into this world for if not to enjoy ourselves with our friends? To behave in absurd ways in order to avoid anti-climaxes? To live to the age of a hundred, wrinkled, painted and alone? To look like that creature of Goya's you have seen? Do you call that romantic, or sensible, or desirable—or anything?'

'But Marianne at least *did* something,' I said. 'That is what we are here for.'

He looked at me incredulously as if he could not believe in the existence of such a fool.

'To *do* things?' he asked slowly. 'For what? For what reason? Why? For the sake of doing them? It is like a madness, it is like a nightmare.'

He repeated exactly his opening words; he was standing in exactly the same pose:

'To suffer extinction for one's tradition; to be tortured for one's creed; to be pressed out of existence because it is beneath one to struggle—that may be worthy, that may be fine. But to do things insensate and unconsidered merely for the sake of action—Ah, but no! That is to be like a little child who cannot master its limbs. This woman acted always on impulse without reflecting how she might get the best out of what she did. She never reflected that she might make a fool of herself. That was wanting in dignity; that was mortifying. Because death is better than to lose one's self-respect.'

It was useless to attempt to influence such a man.

FORD MADOX HUEFFER.

